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GLEANINGS



Margaret J. Sherman





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GLEANINGS

BY
MARGARET J. SHERMAN
BRODHEAD, ^{WIS.} WIS.



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Dedication.

TO HIM WHO HAS SHARED THE LARGER
PART OF THE YEARS OF 'LIFE WITH THE
AUTHOR, AND HAS SO WELL "BORNE THE
BURDEN AND THE HEAT OF THE DAY" THIS
LITTLE BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

Preface.

These few "Gleanings" of many years, simple and unpretentious, and containing many errors and imperfections (without which they would doubtless be too unlike the author) written in varied moods, and for varied purposes and occasions, are here gathered together more as a souvenir for loving and appreciative friends, than with the expectation of meeting with favor from a public already surfeited with books of poetry on every hand. But we venture to hope that friends or strangers may find in it a "touch of nature" however imperfectly presented, which may find a response in their own hearts, and help them for a moment at least to see the sunshine of life, forgetting the clouds and the storms.

CONTENTS

Miscellaneous Poems.

The Gleaner	I
When the Year is Old.....	2
Forgetting, Remembering-New Year Thoughts	3
Christmas.	4
A Christmas Thought.....	5
To A. W.	5
A Spell of Weather... ..	6
The Brass Andirons	7
To the Arbutus.....	8
The Coquette	9
The Coming Boon.....	10
My Humming Bird.....	11
Raise the Standard.....	12
A Blustery March.....	13
A Prayer.....	14
Summer is With us Again	15
When the Leaves Fall.....	16
Counting One.....	17
The Kindly Gossip.....	18
Regrets.....	19

Sunlight.	20
Rest for the Weary	21
Twilight Thoughts.....	22
My Lesson..	23
The Pansy.....	24
The Empty Ink Stand	26
Summer Showers	26
The Sunset	28
A Word to Young Men.....	29
Pot and Kettle.....	31
The Slaughter of the Innocents	33
Meditations of a Pioneer.....	35
The San Francisco Disaster.....	37
Going West	39
Dakota vs. Wisconsin, By Mrs. Ellis.....	40
Reply to Mrs. Ellis	42
Take Courage	45
Found.....	46
Only a Little	47
Work.....	48
A Dream....	49
The Two Mothers.....	51
Be of Good Cheer	53
The Fire.....	54
Laying the Corner Stone.....	55
Dedication Poem	57
The Tempest	58
A Memorial Day Poem.....	60
Tribute to Lincoln.....	63

Poems of the Heart and Home.

Song of the Home and Heart.....	65
To My Old Plaid Shawl	66
Holiday Greeting	68
A Christmas Memory.....	70
A Mother's Lullaby.....	71
Missed.....	72
My Little Lover	73
Till Death Do Us Part.....	75
The Empty Nest	76
My Brother.....	78
Smiles Not Tears.....	79
Childhood	80
Little Mischief.....	81
Arthur's Birthday.....	82
The Birthday.....	83
Kenneth	84
A Story Lover.....	85
The Ruck-a-Tuck.....	86
Tender-Hearted.....	86
Mother's Kisses.....	87
The Little Boy's Ideas.....	88
Home is the Bestest Place.....	89
Little Helper.....	90
Waiting at the Gate.....	90

Poems and Songs Written for Special Occasions.

A Golden Wedding	91
To Mrs. E. H.....	93
A Birthday.....	94
A Tribute	95
Birthday Greeting.....	96
Silver Wedding.....	97
To Grandma Warner.....	98
Bridal Greeting	99
Dedication Poem	101
To the Newly Incorporated Village of De- Forrest.....	103
W. H. S. Class Song, 1896	104
W. H. S. Class Song, 1897	105
To the Class of 1909, W. H. S.....	106
Sun Prairie H. S. Class Song, 1892.....	107
Sun Prairie Class Song, 1894.....	109
On the Death of G. H. Reuss	110
Gone Before	111
To Baby's Mother	112
In Memory of Mrs. B. F. R.....	113
To a Mother.....	114
To Mrs. Butler.....	115
Bridal Greeting	116
To Mrs. E. Mc.....	117
Cyril's Birthday.....	118
To Mrs. Olyette Ellis.....	119

Patriotic, Temperance and Other Poems.

The Blind Soldier	120
Welcome	122
Written for Memorial Day Service of President McKinley.....	124
To Washington	126
To Francis Willard.....	128
Weeds.....	129
License—Yes, or No?.....	133
Salt	135
Do Something	137
The Reaper.....	138
Loyal Legion Song	139
Victory is Coming-Equal Suffrage Song	140
A Message.....	141
Rallying Song	143
A Question of Logic	144
Thoughts on the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Ladies' Missionary Society.....	146
How to Help a Missionary Meeting Live	148
The High License Dog	150

THE GLEANER.

A gleaner was late in the field one day
With a little sheaf in her hand,
She said: "'Tis a long and weary way,
Since I left the morning land,
My feet are sore, my eyes are dim,
And the sun grows red in the west;
I'll take my sheaf to the feet of Him
Who hath bidden the weary, rest."

The Master knew the toil and pain,
Of this weak and erring child
Of the goodly sheaf she had hoped to gain
And he dried her eyes and smiled;
And he said: "My child be comforted,
All labor for me is blest
Thy sheaf in my garner shall find a place
Let thy weary soul find rest."

That tender smile, those gentle words
Sank deep in her aching heart,
And she sighed: "It is such joy to find
My work of the Lord's a part."
Tho the work was so very poor and small,
My Lord, he designeth to see,
Tho' the world may not smile on it at all,
Yet my Lord hath had need of me."

WHEN THE NEW YEAR IS OLD.

The New Year has come, and the old with its errors,
Its joys, and its sorrows, forever has fled,
The Happy New Year, how sweet in its promise,
A wonderful story that's yet to be read!

When the New Year is old, will it hold the riches
Of promise fulfilled, and of duty performed,
Of pure, lovely thoughts that have blossomed in
action,
Of victories won o'er the ramparts we've
stormed?

When the New Year is old will this self that is ever
Forgetting its place on the ends of the line,
Learn lessons of meekness from him that is lowly
And conquer that self with a courage that's fine?

When the New Year is New, how fair is its promise
Of good resolution religiously kept!
No rainbow is brighter than that we are painting—
When the New Year is old will its failures be
wept?

When the New Year is old, shall we look behind us
With bitter regrets for the words we have said,
For the thots we have harbored, the habits that
bind us
Like strong, cruel cords to the past that it dead?

Oh, let us remember the past and its lessons,
Let not the past mistakes on the future take
hold,
And we shall grow wiser, and stronger, and better,
The New Year grow brighter as it shall grow
old.

FORGETTING—REMEMBERING.
NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

“Forgetting the things which are behind,”
Was the wise words of St. Paul,
Dropping burdens of sorrow and sin,
Pressing forward at Duty’s call.

Like him forgetting our grief and pain,
And our many mistakes now past,
We will let no cloud or shadow of gloom
O’er the pathway of life be cast.

Forgetting all wounds and unkind words,
Forgetting each grievance (so small!)
Life is too short for hatred and strife,
But peace and good will is for all.

But remembering, yes, remembering,
The friends who’ve been loyal and true,
Whose cheery words in the hour of pain
Have dropped on our hearts like the dew.

Remembering the love and the kindness,
Remembering each sunlit hour,
Will strengthen each heart for its duties,
And give new courage and power.

And remembering, always remembering
A diviner patience and love,
A Savior whose life is our beacon light
To guide us to heaven above.

Forgetting all useless gloom and pain,
Remembering the good and true,
Thus may a life like a shining light
Bless the world it is passing through.

CHRISTMAS.

O glorious night, with promise bright
 When Heaven came down to earth
When angel choir with tuneful lyre
 Announced the wonderous birth!

The whispering breeze sang thro' the trees
 The sweetest song e'er heard
And through the air, and everywhere,
 All nature's pulse seemed stirred.

Radiance divine did round Him shine,
 Loud let the paeon ring,
Let songs of joy your tongues employ,
 For Bethlehem's Babe is King!

As dawned the morn when Christ was born
 So dawned the world's glad day
When war shall cease, and love and peace
 Brighten and bless the way.

Say not the way is dark today.
 We shall not see the noon;
Had not the light pierced thro' the night
 We should not see the gloom.

Heaven gave its best at love's behest,
 The law of Heaven is love,
Let man diffuse the glorious news,
 That man his love may prove.

Our Day Star bright o'ercometh night—
 Loud let the paeon ring
Let song of joy your tongues employ
 For Christ our Lord is King!

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

The Christmas Spirit, how can we express?
How make this time a time of blessedness?
Spirit of Christ: Ah, that is what we need,
To live like him in very word and deed.

He who was helpful, loving, and so kind,
Gave health to sick and sight unto the blind,
Whose life was wholly spent in doing good,
To that Blessed One can we claim brotherhood?

Yes, if like Him we gladly serve mankind,
Comfort for troubled hearts like Him we find,
Help for the helpless; and the hungry feed,
Give cheer and courage to the soul in need.

Give love and patience to the erring one,
Yea give ourselves from morn 'till day is done!
So we the Christmas Spirit may express
And make this time a time of blessedness.



TO A. W.

(On receiving a fragrant remembrance from her.)
As the shell on the lea holds the song of the sea,
And the fragrance of Spring to the flowerets cling
Thro' changes of time, and changes of clime:
Lo thy beautiful youth holds its sweetness and ruth,
Thy love and good will thro' thy deeds doth distil.

A SPELL OF WEATHER.

The Holidays are past and gone,
Of course they were delightful,
But this in very truth we own
The weather was just frightful!

Such fog and rain for days and days.
I ne'er before remember,
A real "January thaw"
Though mostly in December.

The frost came out, the road fell in—
The bottom—who could find it?
The weary horses tugged and strained
'Tis strange that they should mind it.

With anxious eyes we watched the sky
For days and days together,
At last concluding in despair:
"This is a spell of weather."

The weather prophet struggled on,
By past mistake undaunted.
But when the promised snow came down,
'Twas wetter than we wanted.

But all things have an end, and now
When e'er we meet together
We'll boast for years and years to come
About this spell of weather.

THE BRASS ANDIRONS.

There's a good story I've heard in the days of my
youth

That gives us a point, and, illustrates a truth,
'Twas in the old times, in the days of our sires,
When the old-fashioned hearth glowed brightly with
fires,

That one little woman (whose foreroom had seen
Its very best days when her mother was queen,)
Was seized with a fervent, and longing desire
For a pair of brass andirons as bright as her fire.

However she dared her desire to express
The woman with wants unsupplied can but guess,
But she had her own way as some women will,
And tho very much pleased was unsatisfied still,
For the glorious fire, and irons so bright,
Made the faded old carpet look just like a fright;
And the bright new carpet, so pretty and clean,
Made everything else look dreadfully mean.

And so this whole room must be furnished all thro'
Before this dear woman could quite make it do.
And now my dear friends to whom this is told
Take warning by this, ere you find yourself sold,
When you're counting the cost of an enterprise
Look a long way ahead if you would be wise.
A good thing begun must be carried thru;
Or else you will find there is trouble for you.

TO THE ARBUTUS.

(A RONDEAU.)

Sweet arbutus, dear child of Spring,
Thou shyest, sweetest, loveliest thing!
'Neath fern and moss in woody dell
Thy wealth of loveliness doth dwell;
Thy fragrance doth thy secret tell!

Thy lavish sweetness ends all doubt
Discovering thy whereabouts,—
Thy subtle beauty breathing out,
Sweet Arbutus.

The dawning blush that o'er thee steals
Thy modest purity reveals,
Of modest worth an emblem true,
Scattering thy sweetness like the dew
While thy fair face is hid from view,
Sweet Arbutus.

THE COQUETTE.

A pretty young girl, with hair a curl,
And nose that went a tilting.
Had lovers a score, perhaps many more,
For she always was lovers a jilting.

At last she espied a young man who defied
All the charms with which she'd ensnare him,
She tried all her arts, for the winning of hearts,
Not a single one did she spare him.

But all was in vain; this daughty young swain
Cared not for the homage she paid him,
I've heard that he said, he never would wed
Such a Will-o-the-wisp, as she'd made him.

So this pretty young maid is left in the shade,
No longer her nose goes a tilting,
"With flirting I'm done," says she, "'tis no fun
When I am the one gets the jilting."

THE COMING BOON.

There's a great deal of pain with all this world's
 pleasure,
 It visits alike the great and the small,
But the pain that we feel in most exquisite measure
 Is the toothache, whose tortures the stoutest
 appal.

Oh, give me the headache, the sideache, the back
 ache,
 A pain in my chest, or corns on my toes;
But torture me not with a nerve-rasping toothache
 To crown and complete the sum of my woes.

Just think of the pain we mortals must suffer
 From our tenderest years till we're decently
 dead;
Than a bad aching tooth, pray what can be
 rougher—
 Save the dentist's firm grip when he pulls—off
 your head?

There's a day that is coming (so say men of science)
 When man shall be toothless (and hairless as
 well)
Alas! on that hope we can place no reliance
 We were born much too soon, and our loss, who
 can tell?

Don't tell me that teeth are a bright charm of beauty,
 Or of "gleaming white pearls"—they're a bane
 and a curse,
I know what they cost at the dentist's, whose booty
 Grows by filling one's teeth, while he empties
 his purse.

Just think of the boon to babes without number
 When the bug-bear of teething's a thing of the
 past,
Just think of the nights of unbroken slumber
 Fond parents may count on as certain at last.
All hail to this boon for suffering humanity!
 This freedom from woes by which we're en-
 thralled!
May it ne'er be delayed by a question of vanity,
 When all shall alike be toothless and bald.



MY HUMMING BIRD.

All summer long a tiny visitor
 Has been about my door each sunny day;
'Tis true he took no note at all of me,
 But paid attention to the blossoms gay.
He helped himself to all their honeyed sweets
 And darted in and out at his own will,
Nor asked permission, but nonchalantly
 He chose the sweetest flower and drank his fill.
But he was welcome: oft with bated breath
 We watched the little creature with delight,
His tiny form so full of airy grace
 As swift from flower to flower he took his flight.

RAISE THE STANDARD.

Raise the Standard! Lift it higher!
Let no sin your life control,
Every thought or fond desire
Leaves its impress on the soul.

Raise the Standard; do not dally
With a weakness, or a doubt,
All your higher forces rally,
Drive the base intruder out.

Raise the Standard, firm and steady,
Set a watch upon the tower,
For the foe be always ready
Lest he hold thee in his power.

Trust not foes with friendly faces
Coming in a smiling guise;
Think not that such sins are graces,
Trust them not. Be wise, Be wise.

Raise the Standard; Live for others
If thou wouldst thy soul enlarge.
Look abroad and find thy brothers
And to them thy debt discharge.

Raise the Standard; To thy neighbor
Love unfeigned can work no ill.
Let it be thy earnest labor,
To the law of love fulfill.

Raise the Standard; Never lower it
At the call of vice or greed,
Let wrong-doers blush before it,
Shamed at last to better deed.

Shun all evil, hate it, fear it,
Never let it be thy guest,
"Blessed are the pure in spirit"
Let this blessing be thy guest.

This our Standard! love supernal,
Love to God, and all mankind,
Planted on the Rock Eternal
Heavenly joys our souls shall find.



A BLUSTERY MARCH.

The march of Time the month of March doth bring,
The blustering herald of our "gentle Spring,"
Old Winter angry at his shortening reign
Takes hold on Spring until she shrieks in pain.

Procrastination, O, thou "thief of time"
Come, steal a March, nor deem it such a crime
But that our chilling hearts will open wide,
And let thy error sit by Virtue's side!

O March, march on, nor leave a trace behind,
Save in the memories thronging to our mind,
Of snow, and ice, and sleet, and cutting hail,
And grim old Boreas with his solemn wail.

When thou art gone, our courage we'll renew
As "distance lends enchantment to the view,"
Our cowering souls in shivering bodies shrouded
Will spring to life like a jack-in-box, that's crowded.

A PRAYER.

When to my daily toil I ply
My fingers, Lord wilt thou be nigh,
And tho' my hands employed may be
Still may my heart commune with Thee.

May I each sinful tho't repel,
Nor malice in my bosom dwell,
Nor cherish vanity or pride;
But in my heart do thou abide.

And when my cares are multiplied,
And patience too is sorely tried;
May I the hasty word repress,
And speak in tones of gentleness.

Lord, when my mind is sore distressed,
And scarce can tell which way is best,
May Heavenly wisdom, all divine
Correct my judgment, guide my mind.

What e'er I do, where e'er I be,
Still may I ever cling to Thee;
May I Thy blessed will obey,
And purer, better grow each day.

So may I ever let my light
Shine like a star, as pure and bright,
That haply some may see its gleam
And find by it a brighter beam:

E'en Christ the Star of Bethlehem;
And I perchance shall add one gem
To that bright crown which Christ shall give
To those who serve Him while they live.

SUMMER IS WITH US AGAIN.

See o'er the world, the beautiful world,
Forests like banners of emerald unfurled,
Over the fields like stars in the sky,
Daisies have opened their eye.
Clouds in the sky, like ships in the sea,
Light breezes waft their sweet perfumes to me,
All nature sings this happy refrain;
Sweet summer is with us again.

Refrain:

Hark, how the birds are singing today!
The fields and the woods are smiling and gay,
See how the roses bloom in the glen!
Summer is with us again.

Summer has come, the birds are in tune,
Beautiful roses crown glorious June.
Gladly we welcome the queen of the year
Bringing the summer time here,
Birds build their nest in bowers of green,
Butterflies gay in the sunshine are seen,
Sweet happy laughter falls on our ear,
And tells us that summer is here.

Refrain:

Hark, how the songs break forth thro' the trees,
Sweet perfumes are wafted on every breeze,
See how the roses bloom in the glen
Summer is with us again.

WHEN THE LEAVES FALL.

'Tis when the leaves fall that we feel
The paradox of life and death
 In fullest measure,
When we have seen a generous earth
 Yield up her treasure.

'Tis then, we see the foliage of the trees,
Touched by a kind tho' chilling hand,
 Blaze into glory.
Then autumn winds despite the moaning trees
 Repeat the story.

And scatter thickly on the earth
Leaves that thru summer gayly danced
 The winds defying;
But now of all their beauty shorn
 Are sadly lying.

While the nude trees wave empty arms
And sigh, as if in loneliness,
 And patient sorrow,
Perhaps remembering within their heart
 That there's tomorrow.

Thou too sad heart, remember this:
The brightness of thy yesterdays
 Outweighs thy sorrow,
And hope still whispers in thy heart
 That there's to-morrow.

COUNTING ONE.

If this world were rid of evil,
 Drunkenness, and vice, and greed,
Then would vanish want and sorrow,
 Making sad hearts glad indeed.
O, how gladly one would labor
 Could some real good be done--
But this thot well nigh disheartens;
 What's the use? I'm only one.
Only one, but there are many
 Praying, longing, for the right,
Sitting may be in the darkness
 Of some wrong, some dreadful blight,
Shall we watch the shadows deepen
 While we weakly sit (or run)?
If we cannot be a thousand
 Shall we fail to be just one?
One is but a small beginning
 But would you a cipher be?
Are you willing to count nothing
 In this world's activity?
Why of course it would be saner
 When there's something to be done,
Just to stiffen up your backbone,
 Saying: "You may count me one."
One that counts is worth a thousand
 Of the class that lags behind,
Weak, and limp, and quite uncertain
 Where they're at—you know the kind,—
What one needs is greater courage
 Only cowards 'tis who run,
He who stands may be quite lonely,
 But he's surely counting one.

O this world is much indebted
To the men, and women too
Who have counted one, and counting,
"Builded better than they knew,"
What's the use to wish for armies
When there's something to be done?
We shall see things surely moving
When each counts himself as one.



THE KINDLY GOSSIP.

The genus of gossip, we mostly abhor,
We are told they're malicious and mean,
But I have a plea for gossips today,
How strong—that remains to be seen.
There are many gossips abroad in the land,
Men, women and children galore,
There are young men and maidens, husbands and
wives,
In the home, on the street, in the store.
They are all interested in other's affairs,
Are eager to gather the news,
And then come remarks—either cruel or kind,
For some will their knowledge abuse.
There are some that will feed like the carrion bird
On all that is filthy and bad,
They reck not the wounds that are bleeding and
sore,
Nor hearts that are heavy and sad.
But others there are,—not a few, I beleive—
Whose hearts are tender and kind,
Who say all the good of their neighbor they can,
While to faults they wisely are blind.

Their interest in other's affairs areas keen
As those of whose wisdom we doubt,
There's nothing of note transpires, it would seem,
But they'll soon or late find it out.

But like the old woman who would not speak ill,
Of even the old Evil One,
They speak only good, ignoring all else,
By such gossip no harm can be done.

If I am a gossip—which I'll not deny—
May my tongue thus to kindness adhere,
Speak kindly of all, or nothing at all,
A gossip that no one need fear.



REGRETS.

O, for the talent that once I despised,
I thought 'twas so poor and small,
While others had talents many and great,
That mine was just nothing at all.

And so mine was hidden, I thot I was wise.
But alas, what folly was mine!
To spurn from my hand a precious boon
Bestowed by the Giver Divine.

For now I see it was meant for use,
And using 'twould surely grow;
How great or useful it might have been
Alas, I may never know.

My wisdom was folly, my lowliness pride
I find to my grief and shame,
If I must account for what I have not
I have only myself to blame.

When I'm called to account, pray what can I
say?

"O Lord my gift was so small,
There were others, could do so very much more
That I have done nothing at all."

"A wicked and slothful servant thou,"
Me thinks I hear it said,
"The talent despised shall be thine no more"
As humbled I bow my head.

God's law is just; those who faithfully use
Their gift be it small or great,
It shall grow, and increase as He hath designed,
A blessing to church and state.

But he who would make for himself excuse,
And who will not fill his place,
His soul shall shrink, his gift take flight
And none shall speak his praise.



SUNLIGHT.

O, the beautiful sunlight, the glorious sunlight!
Dancing and glancing o'er forest and glen,
Shining and beaming, smiling and gleaming,
Into the haunts of the children of men.
Cometh so lightly, shineth so brightly,
Reaching and teaching its lesson to all.
Beautiful Sunlight! Glorious Sunlight!
On high and on lowly alike doth it fall.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

I am so weary, sin, and toil, and care,
Oppress my weary soul with such a weight,
It seemeth for my feeble strength too great
Where can I find rest? Can'st tell me where?

I can not find it in the hall of wealth,
Though to the eye all seemeth passing fair
For moth and rust doth work corruption there,
And cunning thieves come creeping in by stealth.

Rest cometh not with what the world calls fame,
Many and great the hindrances arise,
Though many strive but few obtain the prize,
And when 'tis found 'tis but an empty name.

The bond of friendship which our heart unites
To those dear ones we know and love the best
Death rudely severs, and I find no rest
Nor comfort which my longing heart requites.

But when despair has almost seized my breast,
I hear a voice in gentle accents call:
Come, weary, heavy laden one, let fall
Thy load on me, and I will give thee rest.

With glad content I lean on Jesus' breast,
He heals my wounded heart, gives joy for grief,
For all the cares of life gives sweet relief,
Not death itself can take from me my rest.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Softly, softly, falls the twilight
 With its vague and mystic charms,
Folding me within its shadows,
 Like a mother's tender arms.
This sweet hour, so hushed and holy,
 Soothes and calms my restless soul,
And fond memories of childhood
 Like sweet visions o'er me roll.
Now a presence sweet and solemn,
 That my spirit seems to know
Wanders with me in the gloaming,
 Back to days of long ago.
How the long years quickly vanish,
 All forgotten grief or care,
And me thinks again I listen
 To my mother's voice in prayer.
Heaven was near in days of childhood,
 Mother's knee the very gate;
As we lisped the prayer: "Our Father,"
 Angels round us seemed to wait.
Now I listen for the voices
 Of the angel choir again,
As I listened when I whispered:
 "Thine the glory forever, Amen."
All too short the vision seemeth,
 As the darkness falls at length,
But a blessed peace remaineth
 Giving needed help and strength.
Heaven is kind, and holds rich treasures,
 Dear ones who have gone before,
And the gate is wider open
 Than it was in days of yore.

MY LESSON.

My heart, it was sad, and aching,
Such a weight oppressed my soul,
And the clouds above, around me
Seemed in drear black waves to roll,
The world—how dark were its shadows,
Not a ray to pierce the gloom,
It seemed to my darkened spirit
Like the coming day of doom.

I writhed 'neath the weight of anguish
I Shrank from the bitter pain
My soul cried out, despairing,
Of sunshine or brightness again,
I prayed—I was scarcely conscious
Of the swift, wild words I said,
But I cried in my need and sorrow,
As a child cries out for bread.

And then—ere I ceased my pleading—
There came such a shining ray,
It pierced through the clouds thick blackness
And changed them to silvery grey!
It pierced through the gloom it lightened,
It fell on my upturned face,
And showed through glittering tear-drops.
The rainbows reflected grace!

And a voice that was sweet and tender,
Whispered soft and low in my ear,
“Be trustful my child, thy sorrow
Shall be like a cloud,—a tear,
Through the darkest cloud of anguish
My tenderest love can shine
Even through tears of anguish
Thou shalt see my love divine.”

A hush came over my spirit
Like the hush at break of day —
The sun of Heaven was shining
Lighting once more my way.
I took to my heart this lesson:
To trust and never to doubt;—
There's nothing 'twixt earth and Heaven
Can keep God's sunshine out!



THE PANSY.

I saw a maiden passing fair,
I saw, and was her lover;
Her cheek was like the sea-shell pink,
Her eyes so blue you could but think
Of the blue skies above her.
Her lips were like the cherries red,
With dimples round them playing,
Her curling hair, that golden sheen
Like clouds at sunset you have seen,
Round her white forehead straying.
Her hand a dainty slender thing,
A book was firmly clasping
Her glance on it was downward bent,
And judging from her look intent,
Some problem she was grasping.
A little waif went hurrying by,
A dirty ragged creature—
A child of want you'd surely know,
For misery, and want, and woe,
Was seen in every feature.

He held a pansy in his hand,
It was a thing of beauty—
That fallen from some lady's breast
He grasped, ere careless foot had pressed,
Well pleased with his rich booty.

He gazed on it with wond'ring eye
As if he would discover
How in this world of want and woe
This beauteous thing had dared to grow;
Then kissed it like a lover.

The maiden on her book intent
Saw not the little stranger,
And as she passed the little boy,
Loosed from his grasp this thing of joy
Ere he could see its danger.

He cried aloud in dire dismay,—
"Tis lost," quoth he, now surely.
She saw his look—she heard his cry—
And hasting mid the passers by,
Rescued the prize securely.

She placed it in his grimy hand,
As quick he came to meet her,
He gazed upon her radiant face,
Then on the pansy's subtle grace
And wondered which was sweeter.

And as he gazed on this fair maid,
Her rare, bright beauty viewing,
A smile lit up that want-worn face
With such a strange fantastic grace,
Like moonlight on a ruin!

And as the waif went on his way,
His little heart was lighter.
The world he thought so cold and bare,
Held pansies sweet, and maidens fair,
And all the earth seemed brighter.

THE EMPTY INKSTAND.

Old friend, and can it be that we must part?
You, with whose aid I've oft poured out my
heart,
Empty and useless now, your service o'er;
Just cast aside and never thot of more.
'Tis ever thus, not even man can boast,
(At least when he's alive and needs it most.)
That when his days of usefulness are past,
He will not be in blank oblivion cast.



SUMMER SHOWERS.

How I love the summer showers,
Making glad the thirsty flowers,
Washing Nature's face so clean
Grass springs up a brighter green;
Makes the air so pure and sweet
Just to breathe it is a treat!
Floods the byways and the ditches
With embarrassment of riches.

Hear the children laugh and chatter!
Getting wet? That doesn't matter;
Mud and wet is just a joy
To a lively barefoot boy;
Little mud-prints of small toes
Follow everywhere he goes.
Hear him laugh aloud in glee
With the water to his knee!

Not the same with Mrs. Older
And the many things that hold her,
Draggled skirts about her feet,
Neither comfortable or neat;
And she knows and feels it too,
She don't like the rain, that's true,
When obliged to be out in it
She don't like it for a minute.

But the boys, and birds and flowers
Revel in the summer showers,
Robin red-breast, joyous bird,
Lets his tuneful voice be heard
Singing gayly, while the rain
Tapping on my window pane
Has a music of its own
Blending with the bird's sweet tone.

O, I love the summer showers,
(When I'm sheltered well, of course)!
And I smile in sympathy
With the children in their glee,
Thirsty earth is smiling too,
And the clouds, the sun shines through.
Now the rainbow bright appears—
Smiles will follow after tears.

THE SUNSET.

The summer's sun was hanging low,
It's fiercest heat was past,
Weary and worn, we saw it go,
The shadows lengthening fast;
Gladly we welcomed evening's breath
Of coolness in the air,
And idly watched the changing clouds
Form pictures quaint and rare.

And then,—we gazed with raptured awe,
The sun dropped lower yet,
And upward all athwart the sky
It's crimson banner set.
We watched those flaming colors there,
Those clouds, so soft, so bright,
Their ever changing harmony,
With reverent delight.

No poet's pen, or painter's brush
Could picture such a maze
Of glory as o'er spread the sky,
A gold and crimson blaze.
It is a Hand Divine that spreads
Before our wond'ring sight
Such glorious glimpses of His skill,
And fills us with delight.

O, Hand that paints such beauties rare
For mortal eyes to see,
What hast Thou waiting those who win
Blest immortality?
What skies are there, what glories rare,
What harmony divine,
We faintly guess from this one glimpse
Of this fair world of Thine!

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

They call this age the woman's age
They are preaching loud and long;
A fair and equal chance for the girls,
Is the burden of their song.
I find no fault with that, 'tis right
The girls should have a chance,
But I solemnly warn you dear young man,
Don't let them get in advance!
What do I mean? why in nature you know
When bodies have gained momentum
They go faster and faster 'till finally,
You actually CAN'T prevent 'em.
In view of this don't you think it time
You gave this matter attention?
A pound of remedy you know
Isn't worth an ounce of prevention.
For the girls are moving surely
They are filling their heads with lore,
They are entering every open gate
As they never did before.
They're not angels, no indeed,
That need not disturb your peace
But they ought to grow wiser and better
As their privileges increase.
Your privileges, young man, I'm sure,
In school, and church, and nation,
Deserve a very large return
By way of compensation.
Indeed, they're scarcely limited
So generous is the law:
The unwashed savage now may vote
Providing he isn't a "squaw."

“Noblesse oblige.” ’tis a gracious word,
Though by many ’tis neglected,
The more of blessing that you receive
The more of you is expected

The fount of wisdom should ever increase
Not remain the same like a pitcher,
If the more you receive, the more you give
This world will be growing richer.

And now that the girls are gaining ground
You’ll have to be smarter than ever,
Clear smoke, and dust, from brains and books
Or you may regret it forever!

For if you really expect to be
The LORDS of CREATION still,
You’ll find unless you bestir yourselves
A DIFFICULT PLACE to FILL!

But looking abroad perhaps you will see
This world is outgrowing its tether,
They find there’s no team pulls so well
As the team that pulls together.

Many puzzling problems might be solved
Should we take a broader view
You’ve nothing to fear if the girls do rise
If you rise with them too.

Rise, rise to your noblest height;
Be strong, in the strength of a noble mind,
You cannot afford in the battle of life
To be lagging along behind.

Rise by the might of noble deeds,
By a character lofty and grand;
Rise, and above the heights you reach
Only the heavens shall stand!

As the generations are passing on
Each one shakes off some fetter,
So we expect each passing age
To be growing wiser and better.
As the world moves on at a lively pace
Don't stop to dispute possession,
But be sure of this, my dear young man
That you keep abreast the procession.



POT AND KETTLE.

Says Mrs. Cook of Mrs. Brook;
"She really beats the Dutch!
Her children's just as mean as mine—
But she don't care,—not much!
My little timid nervous Sam
Can't bear that bully, Joe,
He teases him just frightfully
It makes me mad all through."
"Twas only just the other day
I sent Sam to the store
And he came home declaring:
"He wouldn't go no more."
That Joe, he plagued him fearfully,
And called him names, he said.
And when all other names gave out,
Just said: "Redhead, Redhead."
I guess redheads are just as good
As towheads, or freckled face,
And Sam just up and told him so,
And I would in his place!
I'd think that Mrs. Brook might see
How mean her children act;
She seems to think that they're just right,
She does, and that's a fact!

Says Mrs. Brook of Mrs. Cook:
 "I wish she'd ever try
To keep her kids away from mine,
 They're here eternally,
And they wont mind a single thing
 That they are told to do;
They tease my kids outrageously,
 It makes me mad all through!

There's my sweet Nellie, she's no hand
 To quarrel, but that Bell,
(That's Mrs. Cook's red headed girl,)
 SHE simply fights with Nell!
And Sam he quarrels with my Joe,
 They have it hand to hand,
If she'd make her kids mind—but no—
 She simply beats the band."

And so it goes, each mother thinks
 Her crows the very whitest,
Her methods are the wisest ones,
 Her children are the brightest,
And "Pot" will "call the Kettle black,"
 It is so very human,
But not a lovely trait me thinks
 In either man or woman.

If all would let sweet charity
 Shine through each word and thought,
The Kettle might be heard to say;
 "How nice and clean the Pot!"
If every one would see to it,
 That they themselves were free
From faults they see in other lives,
 What changes we would see!

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

Nearly two thousand years ago
A cruel, jealous king,
Slew infants by the hundreds—
A most outrageous thing.
There mother hearts were broken,
And tears fell like the rain.
Could words of comfort spoken
Restore those babes again?
What king or tyrant now would dare
To perpetrate such crime?
Could you believe that thousands
Are murdered in our time?
That human hearts would give consent
Merely for greed of gain
In this enlightened land of ours
To childhood's death or pain?
You cannot believe? Then listen:
I'll tell the tale I heard,
And I wish I could say truly
'Twas false in every word.
In factories where thousands
Of people earn their bread,
The profits are much greater
Where children work, 'tis said.
And in the mining districts
Small children labor there,
Down in the grime and darkness,
Away from light and air.
Long days these children labor,
For them no school or play,
But dwarfed in mind and body
They work day after day.

And even nights these infants,
 Who should be snug in bed,
Are made to work with drooping eyes,
 And weary aching head.
What wonder if these weary ones
 Heed not the dangers nigh?
Small limbs are mangled, bodies crushed,
 They're taken home to die!

Or worse, to live—a helpless thing
 With all life's values fled,
Dependent, suffering, crippled,
 'Twere better to be dead!
And what of those who still must live
 In spite of pain and tears,
Unmarred except by ceaseless toil
 Of much too tender years?

What citizens, think you they make
 Thus dwarfed in soul and mind?
Can they, or can their children
 Be a blessing to mankind?
“Are there no laws,” you ask, “for these?”
 Not yet, in every state
In many weak and ill enforced,
 Easy to violate.

A drunken, lazy father may
 Put little ones to work,
He doesn't mind false swearing
 If labor he may shirk.
And the wealthy corporations
 Must have their labor cheap.
What chance has helpless childhood,
 “ ‘Twixt the devil and the deep?”

What wonder that our blood should boil
With very righteous wrath?
What wonder women want to vote,
And help to clear the path
That tender feet may walk unbruised
O'er life's too stormy way?
The Slaughter of the Innocents
Should cease without delay.



MEDITATIONS OF A PIONEER.

(Lyman County, S. D., July, 1904.)

And this is the home of a pioneer,
Where once the Indian chased the deer,
Where the buffalo roamed o'er plain and hill
And wild birds tempted the arrows skill;
Where the swift canoe with its dark skinned guide,
Down streamlets fair, were seen to glide.
Where man, and bird, and beast were wild,
And each alike was nature's child.

But times swift march and white man's hand,
Have wrought vast changes o'er the land,
Wild beasts no longer freely roam,
The plains once their and nature's home.
The red man's hunting ground is gone,
And he himself is "moving on."
The daring cow-boy takes his place
Contented herds rich pastures grace.

Now comes the hopeful pioneer,
And plants his household banner here;
Here breaks the virgin prairie sod,
Undaunted casts his seed abroad.
The lonely coyote's mournful lay
Is answered by the hounds deep bay,
And should a rattler sound alarm
He's quickly killed, and where's the harm?

The sun and rain but aid his toil,
His seed is sown on fertile soil,
For wife and babes he has a home
Where monthly rent bills never come.
The children frolic in the sun;
Grow brown and healthy everyone,
O'er hill and plain they gaily ride,
Upon the pony's back astride.

From sun, and earth, and clouds, and air.
One breathes in vigor everywhere.
The dome o'er head so deeply blue
Smiles down upon the broadened view.
Of varied green o'er hill and plain,
Sun-kissed the hills smile back again,
The sunset's beauty, who can paint?
Colors are pallid, words are faint.

Is this enough? Our hopes still soar,
Like "Oliver" we're wanting "more,"
We want the railway's magic power
To make of this a lordly dower,
Cities and towns will then appear,
Churches and schools our hearts will cheer
The busy wires will bring us news,
And we'll have ALL THE WORLD to use.

This cheerful prospect soon we'll see,
(In this the papers all agree)
And so the patient pioneer,
With this bright hope his heart to cheer,
Will break the sod, and sow the seed,
Horses, and cows, and pigs will feed,
And make a home for child and wife
An independent farmer's life.



THE SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER.

Behold a nation is mourning,
The whole wide world is stricken
With grief and dismay, o'er the city
With death and disaster so smitten.
Like an infant safely cradled
In a mother's tender arms
Sleeps the city in its splendor,
Unaware of all alarms.

Then there comes an awful swaying—
Such a sickening, sudden shock
And each heart stands still with terror,
While the whole earth seems to rock.
Oh, the long eternal moments!
Can it be it was but three?
To those dazed and stricken people
It was like eternity.

Wild and wilder grows the tumult,
Loud and louder crack and boom,
Shrieks of terror, groans of anguish,
Rising like the day of doom.
Who can picture such a horror?
Who imagine scenes so dire?

But alas their cup of anguish
Was brimmed o'er by streams of fire!
Hither, thither fly the victims,
Dazed, and blind, with terror wild,
Tumult, chaos, prayers and sobbing,
Mothers calling, "Save my child!"
Men are hastening to the rescue,
Brave and calm, though pale with dread,
Life imperilled, but undaunted
By the chaos round them spread.
Fireswept, shaken, scarred and blackened
San Francisco is not dead.
Generous hands reach out to help her,
Homeless ones are clothed and fed.
Swift as wires can flash the message,
Plans for help and rescue fly,
Bounteous gifts, and help unstinted,
Shows a heartfelt sympathy.
Pessimism stares and blushes,
And no longer can deny,
That the milk of human kindness
Is no myth of days gone by.
Strange how days of storm and trouble
Bring earth's heroes to the light.
Through the gloom of deadly peril
Shines their courage clear and bright.
San Francisco, rise in splendor,
Thou hast shown a courage fine.
Rise, and triumph o'er disaster,
Trusting in the Power Divine.
Hand of God! We cannot stay Thee,
Nor thy wisdom understand.
But we trust thy plans shall bring us
Out of loss a blessing grand.

GOING WEST,

(TO FRIENDS WE ARE LEAVING.)

Yes, of course we're glad we're going
Where such health and wealth abound,
Where the sun is always shining,
And the politics are sound,
Where the fish and game are plenty,
(Though to shoot we would not dare;)
And the labor is a pleasure,
We would wish our friends to share;
Where the Saratoga waters
Find a rival in the west.
And the fragrant, GENTLE breezes
Are like "Araby the blest,"—
But though skies were never clearer,
And kind friends may there be found,
We shall never find them dearer—
Though we search the whole world round,
Than the dear home-friends that gather
'Round us here before we part.
And whose mem'ry we shall cherish
Always in our inmost heart.
Now right here let us assure you,
That a hearty welcome waits
Friends who may for health or pleasure
Seek an entrance to our gates.
Should you slight our invitation
When you're visiting Charles Mix,
You would never be forgiven
'Till you cross the River Styx.

DAKOTA VS. WISCONSIN.

In 1901 several families immigrated from Wisconsin to South Dakota. At a reunion of these on Thanksgiving Day, the following greeting from Mrs. Olyette Ellis was read and is given here by her permission, the authors reply follows.

THANKSGIVING GREETING.

Ah, ah! You thought you would escape
My ceaseless rhyming prattle,
When you went off where people can
Raise nothing else than cattle;
But no; my muse bobs up again,
Just as it did of old,
When you were living in the land
Of honey, milk and gold.

But you'll forgive my muse, I know,
(Since I'm so far away)
For thus intruding on your board,
Upon Thanksgiving day—
Dear Windsorites, I pity you,
I really do indeed—
That when Wisconsin people feast
You have such meagre feed.

But make the best of it, dear friends,
Your nice jack rabbit stew,
Is good enough for king or queen,
It's rich and savory too;
Don't think of turkey any more,
Of cranberries and "sich"
Buffalo berry sauce is good—
Dakota water's rich.

Be thankful that there's land, and land
 As fa-a-ar as you can see,—
But old-time friends, I wish you here
 This day, to dine with me;
I have a chicken on the board
 Baked crisp—tho' most too brown;
And sweet white bread—a trifle dry—
 I purchased it in town.

I might have had a turkey too,
 (Tho' they roost rather high)
But I've bologna good and moist,
 And rich dried apple pie,
I thought I wouldn't bother now
 With pudding or with cake—
We have such things so common here
 No treat for us they make.

I have a hollowed scallop squash
 That's heaped to overflow
With hazel nuts and apples dried;
 And pop corn, white as snow,
And o'er its sides droops gracefully
 Green leaves of caraway;
O, I do wish you here, dear friends,
 This bright Thanksgiving day.

At Baxter's, Claude on turkey dines,—
 But I prefer a chicken,
Because—because—the bones are small,
 And therefore easy pickin'—
Now I must put the coffee on,
 For it is nearly noon;
And grandpa's folks and Millers too,
 Will be here very soon.

Mr. Ellis has been in and viewed
My nice Thanksgiving spread,
I will not quote to ears polite,
The many words he said;
The sum was, he'd a mind to go
To Herlings for his dinner—
Which proves him, you must all agree,
A most unthankful sinner.
In fancy, I can see you all,
And hear each merry jest—
May be, a spark of envy glows
To-day, within my breast—
But any way—good luck to you—
Don't kill yourselves, I pray,
By gorging on your luscious feast
This glad Thanksgiving day.

MORAL

Of course there is a moral hid
Within this little fable,
But I'll leave you to guess it out,
The best that you are able.

Nov. 27, 1902.

OLYETTE ELLIS,
Windsor, Wisconsin.



REPLY TO MRS. ELLIS.

Dear friend, your greeting was well received
By those on Thanksgiving assembled.
The shouts of laughter were loud and long,
The old house fairly trembled;
It had to be read over and over again,
And I was then and there requested
To return thanks—and some other things
That haven't quite digested.

The kindly feeling you there express
Was warmly appreciated,
And your good wishes for "Windsorites,"
Most truly reciprocated,
But when of pity, you speak, dear friend,
We protest with indignation.
"Let facts just speak for themselves," say we
On this important occasion.

We cannot pass unnoticed by,
The heresies you utter
About our glorious "Sunshine State;"
This "land of bread and butter,"
"Nothing but cattle" can we raise?
Don't deceive yourself, dear poet,
We raise enough for a Thanksgiving spread
If you only did but know it.

'Tis true jack rabbit stew is good,
Buffalo berry sauce is invitin'
These luxuries we Windsorites
Must always take delight in,
Because of yore we never had
The privilege and pleasure,
Of adding these to our menu,
In even the smallest measure.

Now we would have you know just what
We really had for dinner,
A menu that might satisfy
The most ungrateful sinner.
There was chicken nicely roasted
And delicious chicken pie,
A great turkey on a platter,
That would surely catch your eye.

Nice roast beef in dainty slices,
Dressing, gravies too, galore,
Mashed potatoes, yes and turnip,
Squash and beets, who'd ask for more?
Still they added sauce and pickles,
Celery and jellies sweet,
And the lightest, sweetest white bread,
Made from nice Dakota wheat.

Beans and brown bread too were loaded
On the table smoking hot,
Though the beans were from Wisconsin,
The corn that made the bread was not;
Then for dessert, pies were furnished,
Mince and apple, very nice,
Fruit and nuts and lots of candy,
More perhaps than you'd think wise.

Last of all came cakes and ice cream,
Fruit and nut cake, very fine,
And the ice cream fairly melted
In our mouths, a certain sign
Of its richness. It is certain
That our number, twenty-four,
Could not half devour the goodies,
This the children did deplore.

Now dear friend you see your pity
Was a little bit misplaced,
But your warning that we gorge not,
Was more timely, none were laced.
And we wonder how we ever
Lived to tell the thrilling tale,
But the fact is all are thriving,
Now with envy are you pale?

Dear old friend excuse this boasting,
 You're to blame for very much,
Even the mildest, sweetest tempered,
 (May I name myself as such?)
Will rebel when such aspersions
 Reach their tired, unwilling ears.
May Thanksgivings rich and bounteous
 Crown and bless your future years.



TAKE COURAGE.

God's ways are not ours,
 And the way may seem long
For the conquest of right,
 And the crushing of wrong;
But little by little,
 The truth makes its way;
Then with hearts full of courage
 Still labor and pray.

FOUND!

At last, at last! They've found the Pole!
The world is wild with joy,
The U. S. eagle soars and screams
And boasts like any boy.
At last the mystery is solved
And now they know it all;
It is an ocean dense with ice
On top of this great ball,

And for this wondrous knowledge gained
Hundreds of lives were lost,
In heaps of gold and tortured hearts
Pray who can count the cost?
And now 'tis found one might suppose
The world would have a rest,
But no, they're getting ready now
To start another quest!

The South Pole must be found, and then
The earth's interior bored
Clean through into the other side
Till all has been explored,
And still unsatisfied, where next?
Of course they'll go to Mars,
And when they've "done" the planets
Explore a million stars.

There really is no end in sight
To man's ambitious schemes;
E'en now we see accomplished facts
That once were wildest dreams.
So man will dream, and soar, and climb
And lavish lives and gold
And conquer worlds 'til worlds are scarce
That man don't have and hold.

ONLY A LITTLE.

Only a little here and there,
No wonder the work seems small,
But if seeds have been sown
Where weeds would have grown,
'Tis better than nothing at all.

Only a little, with many prayers
From hearts that have felt the need
That God's love divine
On His work may shine,
And tears have watered the seed.

Only a little, but who can tell
How many a tempted soul
Has been helped to win
The battle within,
And has reached a higher goal?

Only a little, but only he
Who knows all things doth ken
How much will grow
Of the seed we sow
In the hearts of the children of men.

Only a little, but God will bless
The worker and the soil;
With his dear smile
It is worth the while
In the harvest field to toil.

Only a little: the field is white,
And the need is very sore;
Let us do our best,
Nor idly rest
Till the harvest time is o'er.

WORK.

When my souls in commotion,
A tempest-tossed ocean,
O, this is my lotion:
 A dose of hard work.

When thought on thought presses
'Mid doubts and distresses,
Naught calms, soothes and blesses
 Like plenty of work.

When grief the soul tosses
With anguish of losses,
We best bear our crosses,
 By keeping at work.

A soul of much leisure
Seeks vainly for pleasure
And loses this treasure:
 Contentment at work.

Our rest is the sweetest,
Our joys the completest.
Our happiness greatest,
 When earned by hard work.

Then bursting each fetter
Make this world your debtor
By making it better
 Because of your work.

A DREAM.

I dreamed a dream the other night
That was so wild and fearful
(’Twas caused, no doubt by what I ate;
Plum pudding, pie and Christmas cake)
It caused my soul to fear and quake
And woke me sad and tearful.

I dreamed it was the Sabbath Day,
The sun shone in his beauty;
I started out to find my way
Where old and young, the grave and gay
Were wont to meet to learn the way
To righteousness and duty.

As I went on, all things seemed strange
And I was filled with wonder:
Before the parsonage, what a change!
Dogs, men, and boys, and beer kegs range,
And noise was rife; it was so strange
I stood quite still to ponder.

But fearing I might be too late,
My steps again I hurried,
My feelings were in such a state;
And my astonishment so great,
I stopped not till I reached the gate
That led among the buried.

But here my heedless steps I stayed—
My heart was loudly beating—
Here numerous cattle calmly strayed,
And noisy boys fought, swore, and played,
Amazed, indignant, and dismayed,
I lost no time retreating.

I started for the church, but found
 There was no church before me!
There was a house from which the sound
Of noisy oath and jest went round,
Vice reigned unchecked on holy ground!
 The heavens grew darker o'er me.

I woke with one long, shuddering cry—
 My dream—was it a warning?
What would it mean to you and I,
Should these, our priceless blessings fly
And Gospel Grace should pass us by
 Some dreadful Sunday morning?

It seems to me a meaning lies
 'Neath this grotesque illusion;
I fear that we too lightly prize
The blessings right before our eyes:
Should they take flight, we'd realize
 They were no fond delusion.

Can we conceive how much we owe
 To Christian truth and teaching
That makes our lives and laws to grow
Toward peace and righteousness? We know
That a large debt we surely owe
 To those that do the preaching!



THE TWO MOTHERS.

(From true incidents related by Mrs. Peck
Missionary to China.)

The baby was dead! Three babies before
Had lived its brief little day,
Then grim death had entered the poor mother's
door,
And bore her sole treasure away.

Such anguish had torn that grief stricken heart—
She never could bear it again!
So the small tender limbs were rended apart
Scattered far and wide o'er the plain.

Lest the spirit that lived in that infant breast
Should enter another child too
And that one be taken as had all the rest
So she tried to prevent it, would you,

If you thought by that act another dear child
Might of your stricken life be a part,
And death might not snatch the infant that smiled
Sweet sunshine right into your heart?

But hark! From another low hut comes a cry,
Another dear baby is dead,
Must this one be scattered, in fragments to lie?
We shudder with horror and dread!

But this mother's lips are moving in prayer,
She has carried her sorrows to God!
Her heart though bereft rests trustingly there,
As meekly she bows 'neath the rod.

To the house-mother who shares her grief and her
faith

She says, "Do you think 'twould be wrong
To bury our darling now lying in death
Though a girl, with a prayer and a song?"

"She has been baptized like a Christian you know
And for all, even girls Jesus died,
If God doesn't mind, 'twould comfort me so."

"It cannot be wrong," is replied.

With her own loving hands a small grave is made
In a corner invitingly near.

They laid the baby there, then knelt there and
prayed

A prayer Heav'n listened to hear.

Two mothers, One sunk in heathendom's night,
By superstition oppressed,

The other just learning to walk in the light—
Which life think you is more blest?



BE OF GOOD CHEER.

Be of good cheer: a cheerful smile
Will help where e'er it goes,
'Twill warm, and cheer the saddest heart
As sunshine melts the snows.
You can not smile? You've had bad luck?
Well, brother, so have we,
So here's our hand, and with it goes
A smile of sympathy.

Be of good cheer: what is the use
To frown when you can smile?
If you can't smile, then laugh; you'll find
That it is worth your while.
A frown may cause another frown
Forbidding as your own,
But smile, and smiles come back to you,
Smiles do not live alone.

Be of good cheer: 'twill help you on
In all life's enterprise,
And it will help your neighbor, too:
A cheerful soul is wise,
Be of good cheer; a hearty laugh
That shakes you to your shoes
Will do more good than medicine
And drive away the blues.

THE FIRE.

(In which two lives were lost.)

A fierce storm is raging, dreary the hour!
The mad wind is howling, most dreadful its power,
But above the loud roar of the tempest I hear
A hoarse cry resounding that chills me with fear;
'Tis the dread cry of fire! And I see that my room
Is alight with the red glare portentous of doom;
I haste to the window and gazing behold
The Furies combined to work mischief untold!

The firemen are hast'ning with flying feet
The dread foe of humanity boldly to meet,
Grandly they rally, and bravely they fight,
While shudd'ring I gaze grown sick at the sight,
But why do they pause as upward they gaze,
While the fierce winds grow fiercer and higher the
blaze?

Look! Up in the window a white form they see,
A shrill voice is calling in dire agony!

Quick! Bring a ladder! O, dreadful the fate
If thus one must perish, but alas 'tis to late!
The fierce flames and the smoke no fireman could
pass,

No hope for the doomed ones, Alas, O Alas!
On rolls the dread monster, wave after wave,
Till it seems to but mock the brave effort to save,
More awful the grandeur, and fiercer the fight
Till the brightness of noonday illumines the night!

The fire is over, the danger is past,
The conquering fire-fiend is conquered at last,
O'er the bright hopes of life and prosperity's smile
Lies a black mass of ruins, a funeral pile.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE.

AUGUST 18, 1895.

Token Church.

What means this stone, this simple stone
Of unpretending grey?

Whence comes the magnetizing power
That draws you here to-day?

'Tis but a stone. A wayside rock
Might hold much more of grace.

What means it then? Why does it hold
Your fond and reverent gaze?

The tale is long that might be told
Of brave, untiring zeal,

Of Christ-like love that gave itself
Seeking another's weal.

The tale might tell of trembling hopes,
Of faithful, earnest prayer,

Of labors long without reward,
Of hours of anxious care.

And then—'twould tell of brighter hopes,
Of glorious victory,

Of faith once like a mustard seed,
Now like a giant tree

Twould tell of how the little band
Grew large, and larger still,

Until they overflowed the place
That once they could not fill.

Then Faith clasped hands with Hope and cried:
 "We will arise and build;
Our God whose temple it shall be
 Will see this plan fulfilled,"
And now, this band is here to-day
 To lay this corner-stone,
And on this small beginning raise
 A temple God shall own.

No wonder that this simple stone
 Should seem a holy thing;
No wonder many happy hearts
 To-day rejoice and sing;
For on this consecrated stone
 Shall rise a building fair—
A place in which to worship God
 With hymns of praise and prayer.

God bless this stone and raise this church;
 And may His blessing pour
Upon the church and people here
 In a continuous shower.
May all their works be works of love,
 May faith and hope abound,
And may their zeal for God and souls
 Extend the world around.

May never a spot, or wrinkle,
 Or blemish find its way
To mar the beauty of this church
 So blest of God to-day,
And thus a glorious, ransomed church
 Around the father's Throne,
Shall they appear who here have made
 Of Christ, their Corner-stone.

DEDICATION POEM.

(Geddes Cong. Church, Geddes, S. D. 1901.)

To Thee, O Lord, we consecrate
This temple for Thy praise,
Here will we worship, here will we serve,
And here our songs we'll raise,
With solemn gladness in our hearts
This house we fain would make
Thy dwelling-place. where we may oft
Of heavenly things partake.

A house of God, a sacred place,
O may it be, indeed!
A place where weary, sin-sick souls
May find the rest they need,
A place where holiness is found
And love and peace abide,
Where rich and poor may serve their Lord
In concord side by side.

But never, Lord, may there be room
In this Thy dwelling-place,
For bitter envyings, or strife,
Or pride or selfishness,
But may it ever be a place
Where love and zeal are found,
And faith and works together prove,
Riches of grace abound.

In this fair city, may this house
A blessing be to all,
The stranger's home, a resting-place
Where weary ones may call
From it may streams of blessings flow,
Unnumbered, deep and wide,
'Till all mankind Thy name shall know,
And Thou be glorified

For this, dear Lord we dedicate
This temple unto Thee,
To glorify Thy holy name,
And bless humanity,
Then let Thy spirit richly fall
On all who worship here,
For blessed is the church who feels
Thy presence ever near.



THE TEMPEST.

In the woodland and the valley,
On the mountain's lofty crest,
On the prairie's ample bosom,
On the ocean's mighty breast.
Comes the storm with fierce abandon,
Loud the shrieking of the gale
Thunders crash, and lightening flashing
Tells a grim and awful tale.

Hark! the monarchs of the forest
Hardy pine and sturdy oak
Groan and crash beneath the tempest
Slain beneath its mighty stroke,
Fearful sounds come from the mountains,
Cloud obscured, like weeds of woe,
Giant boulders, held for ages,
Loose their grip and plunge below.

Living creatures hie for shelter
Man and beast in terror fly,
Fly to death, perhaps, for truly
None can tell where dangers lie,
But the man with God within him
Cries for help to God above,
And the answer cometh surely:
"Everlasting arms of love."

Thou who stillest e'en the tempest
Hear the helpless cry to Thee,
And a hush comes o'er the mountain,
Calmness o'er the raging sea.
'Midst life's tempest and its dangers
There's a refuge always nigh.
To Thee, blessed "Rock of Ages,"
Gladly we to shelter fly.



A MEMORIAL DAY POEM



(Read at a Memorial Day Service 1905.)

Why should we honor the nation's dead?
Why do we fondly claim
These heroes brave to be our own?
Why do we give them fame?
These are questions for youth to ask,
And the history gives reply:
Our glorious land, these stars and stripes,
They saved for you and I.

No wonder then that our hearts should thrill
With gratitude and pride,
Or that our hands with fairest flowers
Should honor those who died;
No wonder that we should honor all
Who left mother, home and wife
For hardship, suffering and death,
To save a nation's life.

We honor those leaders who won a name
That lives in history:

We honor the soldier unknown to fame,
Loyal and brave was he;

We honor the living and the dead,
The boys who wore the blue,
Who bravely faced a gallant foe,
To them is honor due.

There are others, too, we should not forget,
Who never wore the blue,
Mothers and sisters, sweethearts, wives,
Were brave and loyal too,
They bid "God speed" though their hearts were
wrung—

Theirs was the harder part
To watch and wait while bullets fell
That falling pierced their heart.

How great the cost, how vast the worth
Of all we owe our sires!

This broad, free land, our glorious flag,
Our gratitude inspires!

We are grateful for our Union—
Inseparably ONE,

And that our brother, once our foe,
To loyalty is won.

All honor to a Fitzhugh Lee,
Whose loyalty is proved;

Who died a noble patriot,
Honored and well beloved;

No greater victory has been won
By either blue or gray,

Than that of growing brotherhood
'Twixt North and South today.

Our glorious land, these stars and stripes—
Ours at such countless cost!
No prouder heritage than this
Was ever won or lost;
But is there no foe for us to fight?
Have we no work to do?
Can no one serve his country well
Except he wears the blue?

Ah, yes! there never was greater need
Of honest men and just,
Who daring to face a powerful foe,
Will not betray their trust;
Heroes are needed who will work
With might of voice and pen,
To crush corruption, fraud and greed,
And free our land again.

Are you ready today to volunteer?
Your country needs you all
Who'll stand for justice, truth and right,
'Till Giant Wrong shall fall;
Let every one who loves our flag,
And our great, glorious land,
Use voice and vote and mighty pen,
To stay corruption's hand.

When men are free from power of greed
And none oppress the poor,
And manhood's worth is more than gold
Our country is secure;
Then rest not on your laurels, men,
'Till ours indeed shall be
A land that we are proud to own,
Land of the brave and free.



TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

His is the richest life who gives and gives
Of his own self to aid his brother-man,
His glad soul heaping up the wealth that lives
When this brief life has measured out its span.
Life's riches then is not a heap of gold,
But loves sweet service to a soul in need,
Such wealth increases till it can't be told!
Such live's enriched, enrich the world indeed!

Do not these lines describe the wealth of soul
Of our loved Lincoln? Pouring out his life
In generous portion, 'til a grand, sweet whole
Is offered up, and he, beyond all strife
Enriched our nation, yea and all the earth,
With fragrant memories of his golden deeds!
His life is riches of the highest worth.
Grand lives like his our country ever needs.

Poems of the Heart and Home



SONG OF THE HOME AND HEART.

Songs of the home and the heart—
Those are the songs that are dear,
The heart beats warm at the thought of home,
The home to the heart is so near.

Then "Home Sweet Home," let us sing it
Let us sing of its joys and cares
And the heart of the world will feel it,
And think the story is theirs.

For the whole wide world is a homestead.
And all mankind are akin—
Each life has its joys and sorrows
And holds them the heart within.

Then touch one note on the heart strings
Of this great throbbing earth
And others will feel its quiver
And will answer with tears or mirth.

Tears for the note of sadness,
Smiles for each joyful strain
Each heart responds with a note of its own
That will echo back again.

TO MY OLD PLAID SHAWL.

Thou aged veteran, frayed, and worn and thin,
What years of faithful service thine has been.
Had'st thou been made too fine for daily wear,
To please the eye with colors rich and rare,
The tender memories that around thee cling
Like the sweet breath the summer breezes bring
Could not be thine—'twould not be thine to shield
From storm and cold, and warmest comfort yield.

In youth I owned thee, and I felt thy worth
When air-built castles seem so near to earth,
When silvery clouds the stars revealed, not hid,
And hope smiled brightly as all nature did;
I laughed to scorn cold winter's icy blast,
And in thy folds I did but wrap me fast—
So long and so wide, so soft and so warm,
How well thy soft comforts enveloped my form.

Thy service oft hath been both quaint and queer,
Yet none have said that thou had'st left thy sphere;
In health and illness thou hast had a share,
Enveloped infancy with tender care,
O'erspread the floor while baby learned to creep,
Or in thy warm embrace he fell asleep;
How soft the breath that gently stirred thy fold,
What precious trust was given to thee to hold!

When illness comes, the children one and all
For thee as for a friend doth quickly call,
And think that if thy folds but wrap them round
They'll soon be cured of all their ills profound.
And when with chairs ranged round a tent they
spread

With thee outstretched to farthest length o'erhead,
How could I rob them of their cup of bliss?
Too seldom do we see such happiness.

But changes come, and time hath surely cast
More sombre shades around us both at last;
I have grown stout—yes, I will own the truth—
While thou art thinner than in days of youth.
Yet still like thee how checkered are my ways
With all the light and shade of passing days—
Now dark and now light, now joy and now woe,
The warp and the woof of my years as they go.

When fortune smiled (her fleeting smiles were rare)
I looked for friends, and lo! my friends were there;
But when the fickle jade her smile withdrew,
I have known friends whose smiles would vanish too.
With thee, dear faithful friend, it is not so;
Thy warmth is felt when adverse winds doth blow,
Thy clinging folds doth friendly warmth impart,
No cynic need tell me thou hast no heart.

And when a dear one of the household band
Grew pale and cold beneath death's icy hand,
Against this throbbing heart, this anguished breast,
Thine ample folds that dying form caressed,
Imparting the last ray of warmth he found
Till heaven with angel vesture wrapped him round.
Can I forget, dear friend, thy office kind?
A friend in need is but too hard to find.

Faithful and true wherever duty calls,
Thou art to me the very queen of shawls;
No shawl of Persian richness e'er can vie
With thee in beauty to my partial eye.
What beauty is there that can well compare
With life well spent in faithful service rare?
O, happy I if, when life's work is done.
I too have earned the plaudit of "Well done."



HOLIDAY GREETING.

(To New England Friends.)

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
To you New England friends so dear.
Let the thousand miles or more be spanned,
Let heart greet heart, and hand clasp hand,
Let love speak out, and soul lips meet
In a kiss of affection warm and sweet,
And true as the heart that throbs and swells
As it sighs for its native hills and dells.
Some say those hills are rocky and steep,
The soil is sterile, and cold winds sweep
Around New-England's rock-bound shore
Where wild waves dash with angry roar.
But ah—on sacred ground they tread
Like footsteps over the grave of the dead;
That soil—those hills—that rocky stand—
They are my own dear native land!
Those rocks and hills in grandeur rise
Turret on turret toward the skies,
Sun-kissed with stately forests crowned,

While living torrents leap and bound
Down chasm, gorge, and precipice,
Till down some deep, and dark abyss
'Tis lost to sight, till down below
Is seen the streamlets rapid flow
Speeding onward towards the sea,
As time speeds on to eternity.
I love New England's vales and streams,
Their beauty haunts me in my dreams,
I love those hills—that rocky shore—
I long to hear the ocean's roar.
I long to see those white-capped waves,
Their rythmic, restless motion laves
The rugged shore or sandy beach
And leaves their trophies in my reach,
But more I long dear friends to greet
And hold with them communion sweet,
But no—of this I must not speak
My eyes are dim and strangely weak,
I must not cloud the Christmas cheer
With the suspicion of a tear
Sweet memories that fondly cling
Round Christmas tide to you I'd bring;
Nor time nor space can wholly part
Friends who still cling, heart unto heart.
Then may the gladsome holidays
Bring smiles of joy to each loved face,
And heaven send rich blessings down
The glad New Year to fitly crown.



A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

(To My Mother.)

Dear mother, Christmas is drawing near
And my heart is with you today,
How gladly I'd smooth your pathway here
And give you a share of Christmas cheer—
But you are miles and miles away!

What can I give that dear mother would like?
I ask it again, and again;
For well I know her wants are supplied,
And she needeth nothing I can provide,
The thought is almost pain.

Needeth nothing? the thought comes back
As my heart is with feeling wrought,
Tho' the needs of the body are simple and few,
Of the heart's best gifts I have one for you;
A loving and tender thought.

And well I know your loving heart
Can never find amiss
The loving word and tender thought,
Into this simple pattern wrought,
From the child you may not kiss.

'Tis the Christmas time reminds us all
Of the greatest gift of Heaven,
The Son whose love exceeded all;
A gift of wealth, that was too small
And so Himself was given.

And as that glorious gift you share,
My smaller gift receive
Of tender thought, and loving word,
As on this Birthday of our Lord
Out of my heart I give.

A MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Let us sing it, you and I,
Let us croon our sleepy song
Making dreams so sweet and long.

Refrain:

Lullaby, lullaby
'Tis our sleepy tune
Lullaby lullaby
Dreamland cometh soon.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Gently close your sleepy eye,
Slowly swinging to and fro
As to dreamland now we go.

Refrain.

Soft and low, sing it slow
Eyes are lost 'neath lids of snow,
See him smiling, angels near
Whisper in the baby's ear.

Refrain.

O the bliss of the kiss
Sealing slumber such as this!
Softly press it on his brow,
Baby's gone to dreamland now.

Refrain.

MISSED.

Still he's missed, tho' years have vanished
 Since my beautiful first-born,
Who in my heart woke mother love,
 From my arms was rudely torn,
How bitter was the parting then
 None but a lonely mother knows,
How wild rebellion in my heart
 Surged and throbbed with mighty throes!
Could I, could I, ever bear it
 When they hid him from my sight?
Closed the eyes whence light had faded,
 Folded tiny hands, so white?
Ere he went, in baby language:
 "Heaven is beautiful," he sighed,
Then the angels stooped and took him
 From my arms—and so—he died.
How I missed his sweet caresses,
 Missed those eyes so deeply blue,
Fixed on mine with fond assurance,
 Well my mother-heart he knew,
Still he's missed, tho' years have vanished,
 Still I miss his clinging arms,
Miss his loving words and kisses,
 And his many infant charms.
But I know, I've lived to feel it,
 He is safer there than here,
Safer from the sin and evil
 We have learned to dread and fear,
Oft me thinks from heaven's portal
 Shines a silvery star-like gleam,
Where he's waiting for my coming
 When I'm called to cross the stream.

MY LITTLE LOVER.

Only a curl of sunny hair—

But it means much more to me,
As I gaze I dream of a picture fair,
Shall I tell you what I see?

I see a laughing, blue-eyed boy
With dainty dimpled cheek,
And rosy mouth, round which the smiles
Are playing hide and seek.

A broad white brow o'er hung with curls
That dance, and toss, and shine,
Crowning with living gold the head
Of this small boy of mine.

Two dimpled fists all doubled up
Two tiny out-stretched arms,
Ready to manfully defend
Mamma from all alarms,

But ah, my winsome boy is gone,
And in his stead behold
A stalwart youth with chestnut hair,
Gone are the curls of gold!

Gone is the whiteness of his brow,
Instead a coat of tan,
Those strong arms can protect me now
For lo, my boy's a man!

How strange it seems; but stranger yet
The tale he told to me
With look of mingled love and pride
That thrilled my heart to see.

He told me of a maiden fair,
And sweet as she was good,
A maid who took his heart by storm
With her pure womanhood.

He told me of his love and hope
With gladness in his tone,
And of the holy pledge that made
This lovely girl his own.

O yes, I know I've heard before
The very tale he told,
But coming from his heart to mine
The tale did not seem old.

But new and strange; it seems to me
As if 'twas yesterday
Since he my little lover was
And told his tale to me.

He is my lover yet; I know
His heart has not grown cold,
Although a newer love has come
He'll not forsake the old.

God bless them both, and crown their lives
With that rich gift, a love
That knows no change thro' changeful years
Like that of Heaven above.



“TILL DEATH US DO PART.”

TO C. AND K.

Sweet and solemn is the pledge
Binding loving heart to heart
Thrilling with its deep intent:
“We are one till death shall part.”

One for better, or for worse
One for all the joys of life
One to share its pains and ills
One in all its cares and strife.

Happy bridegroom! Happy bride!
Each shall each with love requite,
Sacred union, full, complete,
Doth true loves and lives unite
Blessings on your pathway wait,
Take, and make them brighter still,
With a purpose good and true
You can make life what you will.

You are one “till death do part”
Oh how much those words should mean,
One in all that makes a life
Good and happy, true and clean,
Though you may life’s sorrow share
Clouds are transient, they will fly—
Look for sunshine, you will find
Blessed sunshine ever nigh.

Keep in mind the holy vow—
Always “one till death do part,”
True to all its deep intent,
Binding loving heart to heart.
May your life be full of joy,
Hearts too light to feel life’s care,
Love and laughter fill the home
That you will together share.

THE EMPTY NEST.

'Twas summertime, the air was sweet
 With the lavish sweetness of June,
The busy bees were humming near,
 And the birds sang a merry tune.
But a note of sadness ran through it all
 For my thoughts were far away
With the loved ones who had gone from me
 In other homes to stay.

But suddenly I became aware
 Of a shrill note in my ear,
And a busy chirping and chattering
 'Mong the birds whose nest was near,
'Twas the mother-bird who was scolding
 And trying with all her might
To push the fledglings from her nest,
 And hasten them in their flight.

“O foolish mother-bird,” Quoth I;
 “Why do you make such haste?
Are you weary of your little ones?
 Do you think the time a waste
That you spend in filling gaping mouths
 With worms, and such like stuff?
Do you not know that an empty nest
 Will be yours quite soon enough?”

“Your little ones will grow and thrive
 And get beyond your care,
And a mate will come with a sweet low call,
 And your nest will be left quite bare.
O mother bird it seems to me
 A very cruel thing
To push your nestlings out, and out,
 And force them to take wing.”

But the mother bird by instinct taught
Is wiser far than we
And knows when they must learn to fly
And guards them tenderly,
No foolish fondness keeps her back
From duty's stern behest,
She knows her young will in good time
Forsake the old home nest.

We know that God has so designed
Young hearts should love and mate
But when the last dear one is gone
The home is desolate
But ah, there is another side
That drives the blues away
When letters come that bid us hope
They'll visit us some day.

And fill the old forsaken nest
With laughter gay and sweet
And the music of childish voices
And the patter of little feet,
And life flows back in a fuller tide:
Our losses have been gain!
Our kind All-Father plans to give
Our lives more joy than pain.



MY BROTHER.

My loving brother's gone away,
He left us just the other day,
The summons came, he could not stay
 With those he loved so well;
So swift it came he could not hear
The cry of anguish in his ear,
He could not speak one word of cheer,
 Or breathe a fond farewell.

He left our hearts with aching numb,
He left our lips with anguish dumb,
How could we bear the days to come,
 When he was gone away?
Could I but whisper in his ear;
"I love you, love you, brother dear,"
Alas! alas! he could not hear,
 So cold and still he lay.

He was so dear: and yet 'twas rare
That I to him my heart lay bare,
Perhaps he thought I would not care
 When he was gone away.
Oh, could I have him here once more
I'd love him better than before
And tell it to him o'er and o'er
 Nor miss a single day.

That may not be, but soon, I know,
I too shall hear the call, and go
To meet him where no tears shall flow
 And there will be no pain,
O, what a blessed hope to cheer
The path of erring mortals here;
That in another, better sphere
 We'll meet our loved again.

SMILES NOT TEARS.

The time will come, (it may be very soon)
When I shall leave this earthly house of mine,
An empty useless shell, I'll lay it down,
And all the dear familiar joys of life resign.
Life has been sweet—this world is very fair—
And friends are dearer than my tongue can tell,
But when the summons comes for which I wait,
There may not be e'en time to say farewell.

'Tis better so: life is the time for smiles,
And kindly words, and loving thoughtful deeds;
The time to use aright my little strength
To minister awhile to others needs.
I would not leave behind me broken hearts
To drop vain tears upon my silent breast,
To miss me long, or mourn me bitterly;
I wish not tears from those who love me best.

But if my memory bring a smile,
My name awake a loving tender thought
When words or deeds of mine may be recalled,
'Tis well, I would not ask a better lot.
To be remembered with a kindly smile,
To live within a tender loving heart,
Is better far than tears that fall like rain;
Be that my happy lot when I depart.

I do not fear to die, for well I know
Whose Arm will bear me o'er the swelling tide,
Dear, loving friends have passed it long ago;
And they'll be waiting for me on the other side,
I know it will not be so very long
Ere those I leave will be again with me,
Then let my farewell be a loving smile,
And this I'd gently pass beyond the sea.

CHILDHOOD.

Tell me not ye grown up folks
Though you have your fun and jokes,
That a home is half as bright,
Where no children give delight
With their speeches, quaint and funny
And their kisses sweet as honey.

There's no home that's quite complete
Where there are no dancing feet,
Where there are no shouts of joy
From some happy girl or boy,
And no rippling, bubbling laughter
Echoing through every rafter.

Home's the sweetest place on earth;
Sweetest joy, and birthday mirth
Dwells within the castle wall
Where sweet childish voices call,
Clouds before their sunshine scatter,
Hearts are lighter for their chatter.

Blest the home where childhood is
Hallowed by a mother's kiss,
Sheltered by a father's care,
Happy, guileless, free as air,
Though such home be high or lowly,
Joys within are sweet and holy.



REX.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

What's little Mischief doing now?
He's looking so demure,
His face is innocent and grave,
He's studying mischief, sure.

You'd scarcely think that one small boy
Could find so much to do,
His little hands are never still,
Busy the whole day through.

There's nothing that escapes his eyes,
They are so big and blue
They seem to see just everything
That you don't want them to.

He knows where grandma keeps the cake
And where the cookies grow.
He likes to play with lumps of coal,
So nice and black you know.

He'll do the very naughtiest thing
And look so shy and sweet!
And then if he can make you laugh,
His victory is complete.

He loses things you want to find,
He finds things you want lost,
He climbs and falls, then climbs again,
And never counts the cost.

He's into every single thing
Where he can find a way,
He's found the way to all our hearts
And there I think he'll stay.

ARTHUR'S BIRTHDAY.

Arthur woke early this morning,
A proud and a happy boy,
His eyes and his lips where smiling,
His face all alight with joy.

"I'm five years old this very day,"
Thus he eagerly began;
And straight'ning up the tiny form,
"See, mamma, I am a man!"

"Willie must be your baby now,
And he may wear the dresses,
And I'll wear pants, and go to school
And have some fun, I guesses."

I kissed the happy little boy,
On either cheek bestowing
A token of the mother's love,
That in my heart was glowing.

"God bless my darling little man!"
I prayed with deep emotion -
"Grant him a safe and happy voyage
Upon life's stormy ocean.

"May each successive birthday find
My child increased in knowledge,
More precious far than e'er was found
In either school or college.

"O, may he be indeed a man"
In every word and action;
A servant of the living God,
But not of creed or faction.

"And when his life on earth shall cease,
With ransomed ones in heaven,
May he a happier birthday find,
Than e'er on earth was given."

THE BIRTHDAY.

My little laughing brown-eyed maid
Is ten years old today
Ten Springs have brought their blossoms sweet
And dropped them at this maiden's feet,
And then have passed away.

Ten summers gay with birds and flowers
This little maid has seen,
And tuneful as the sweet birds song,
Gay as the flowers she played among,
This little maid has been.

And Autumns ten, have they not brought
Their fruitage for her bliss?
And have they not refreshed her sight
With rainbow colors, fair and bright
Then left her with a kiss?

And what have these ten Winters brought
Beside their snow and ice?
Why every winter, Christmas brings
With gifts and games, and many things
That little girls think nice.

So every season pleasure brings,
But pleasure is not all,
True happiness will not be sought,
But when a kindly deed is wrought,
'Twill come without a call.

As seasons come, and seasons go,
May every birthday find
This little maiden growing fair
With true soul-beauty, rich and rare
Wisdom and grace combined.

KENNETH.

Kenneth, you roguish little elf,
You're just mischievousness itself,
Of noisy prank and funny trick
You're just as full as you can stick.

The mischief shines in every curl
That gleams and dances with each whirl
Of busy brain, on mischief bent,
(With only mischief 'tis content.)

It trembles on each curling lash
That seeks to hide the dark eyes' flash,
When brimming o'er with quiet fun
Over some victory you have won.

It rides upon the saucy nose,
Tip tilted in the air it goes.
It plays a game of hide and seek
With dimples in each rosy cheek.

The smiling mouth it does not miss
Even when lifted for a kiss,
And that sweet dimple on your chin
The mischief seeks to hide within.

It tingles in each finger's end
As on some elfin trick they bend,
It dances in each rosy toe
As on some merry prank they go.

Yes, mischief reigns throughout the boy,
And still he is a source of joy,
His every trick is very cunning,
Though he's the biggest rogue a running!

A STORY LOVER.

—

I knew a very little boy
With eyes so brown and merry,
Bright curls that danced in every breeze,
And lips red as a cherry.
This boy had such an appetite
For stories: "Stories please,"
I think he would forget to eat
And just for stories tease.

He loved to hear the stories told
Of Joseph, and of Noah,
And when he'd heard them twenty times
He'd say "Tell it some more."
And he'd remember and could tell
You almost every word,
With wonderful additions
Of which you'd never heard.

He liked to hear of little Jack
Who killed the monstrous giant,
He'd double up his little fists
In manner most defiant
And say: "I'm glad that bad old gi'nt's killed
He was as mean as he could be,
He'll never have another chance
To eat up boys like me!"

This boy is now near six feet tall,
(I think he's growing still,)
And he has just begun to learn
There are giants yet to kill,
I think he will be glad to help
To slay old Giant Wrong,
And make it safe for other boys
Where ever they belong.

THE RUCK-A-TUCK.

Three little folks, and a ruck-a-tuck,
The kind that takes just lots of pluck,
With lions, and bears, and "nelephants" too,
They make such a jolly hullabaloo,
Such hair-breadth escapes on papa's back
He's such a nice horsey, whack, whack, whack!
They whip him and drive him very fast,
They know he'll land them safe at last,
Faster and fiercer goes the fight,
Louder and louder the squeals of delight;
A gay little crowd, and O what luck
When papa can stop for a ruck-a-tuck!



TENDER-HEARTED.

There is a winsome blue-eyed boy
Brimful of life and glee
Sometimes a trifle (?) noisy,
But a loving heart has he,
He would not give another pain,
He would kiss all tears away
Only when smiles again appeared
Would he go back to play,
Dear loving heart, as good as gold,
Through life may you ever find
That friends are just as true to you
As you to them are kind.

MOTHERS KISSES.

Baby, playing on the floor
Where the sunshine lingers,
Brother, shutting close the door,
Jams the little fingers.

Baby quick to mamma flies
With his aching fingers,
'Tiss it twick, mamma!' he cries;
How the fond kiss lingers!

Goes he to his play again
Where the sunshine lingers,
Mother's kisses cured the pain
In the baby fingers.

Wondrous cure for childhood's ills
Are the mother's kisses!
Sweetest balm her love distills
With those fond caresses!

Happy child, who feels the charm
Of the kiss that lingers!
Soothing with its healing balm
Aching heart or fingers!

THE LITTLE BOY'S IDEAS.
(As Expressed To Grandma.)

I love 'oo ganma 'oor so nice
And play wiv me peep boo,
'Oor hair is most like kittie's fur,
I fink its mostly blue.

I like to pat 'oor easy cheek,
'Tis winkly like and tweer,
Since 'oo was 'ittle boy like me
It must have been a year!

I like to sit up on 'oor lap
But I slip to ze floor
'Oor lap not dess twite bid nuff,
'Oo ought a growed some more.

I has to go wight straight to s'leep
When 'oo sings to me "by lo;"
'Oor singer is so gwumbly
I hate to hear it go!

But don't 'oo mind zat gandma
I loves 'oo deed I do
Dust like cake 'oo bakes for me
I dess 'oo likes me too.

“HOME IS THE BESTEST PLACE”

A little girl staid with her grandma
While her mamma was away
But all day long she was sober
And could scarcely eat or play,
Her grandma took her on her lap
And petted, and coaxed, and kissed,
And told nice stories but 'twas plain
There was something that she missed.

“I want to go home,” at last she said:
And the tears began to fall,
But mamma's not there, my darling,
When she comes, for you she will call,
So grandma said; but the little one cried:
“Home is the bestest place,
And I'll wait there for mamma,”
And a smile lighted up her face.

Dear little girlie, you speak the truth,
And you are very wise
To learn what many older ones
Oft fail to relize
Home is the “bestest place” of all,
And it was meant to be
A type of that blest home above
In “Our Father's” family.

LITTLE HELPER.

--

Little girl with hazel eyes
Looking innocent and wise;
"Little helper," is it true
That this name belongs to you?
Being helpful is the way
To be happy all the day.

Little girl with hazel eyes
Looking innocent and wise,
May you ever helpful be
Growing sweet and womanly,
In this world there'll always be
Other's you can help, you see.



WAITING AT THE GATE.

--

Like a loving little Fate
He was waiting at the gate.
Come I soon, or come I late
Still he waited at the gate,
Shouting gladly; "Mamma's come!"
'Twas a joyous welcome home.

Oh! but that was long ago,
Long he's lain beneath the snow,
But his spirit pure will wait
For me at the heavenly gate,
Come I soon, or come I late,
He'll be waiting at the gate.

Poems and Songs Written for Special Occasions.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

(Mr. and Mrs. E. Espenett.)

Once on a time quite long ago
A comely ardent youth
Wedded a maiden young and fair
The two were one in truth,
As hand joined hand, so heart joined heart
By strongest bonds of love,
And faith and hope in God brought down
Rich blessings from above.

The world was theirs, and love, and youth,
And hope of heavenly bliss;
What richer dower could mortals ask
For wedded pair than this?
As time passed on their joys increased
Their lives were made complete
By children given to their care
And each was fair and sweet.

Each child with tend'rest care was taught
In ways of righteousness
And twas their dearest prayer that each
Might live the world to bless,
But two of that bright band were called
By Him who knows his own.
How hard it is for loving hearts
To say "Thy will be done."

So sorrows mingled with their joys
And cares held not aloof,
And love and faith failed not but grew
Each day beneath that roof.
The years have passed—two-score and ten,
Since they were first made one;
And now a beautiful old age
For them has well begun.

Children and children's children now
Surround this happy pair,
With loving reverence good to see
Each gladly claims a share
In loving service rendered sweet
By sacred bonds of love.
How like a Christian home may be
To that blest Home above!

We know the neighbors and the friends
Who've gathered here today
Are glad of all the golden years
Before this golden day.
Of all who've known this faithful pair
None can recount a wrong,
But deeds of kindness, words of love,
Of these the list is long!

The path of the just most truly,
Is like a shining light,
So the path of this dear couple
Has shed a radiance bright.
And children, friends, and neighbors,
Exclaim with grateful tears:
We wish this dear good couple
Another fifty years!

TO MRS. E. H.

(May 9th 1902.)

There are days that are hallowed and dear,

There are memories tender and sweet:

The birthday of friends that we love,

To our hearts with joy are replete,

How joyful the task that is given

A birthday greeting to send

To one who for many long years

Has proved herself truly a friend.

How large is the circle of friends

Who rejoice in this blessed day,

And thank the Great Giver who gave

Such a friend in this sweet month of May,

There are those whose value we've proved,

We know they are friends indeed

For we prize most highly the one

Who is true in the hour of need.

And who ever knew of the time

At the call of illness or grief,

Our friend was not fain to forsake

Her cares for others relief?

There's only one person she slights,

(She oft puts her quite on the shelf)

That person perhaps you have guessed,

Is her own dear unselfish self.

Dear friend, so faithful and true

From your grateful friends, quite a host,

Accept our good wishes and love,

And this will we add for a toast:

May many more birthdays be yours,

And each one more blest than the last,

All the cares and sorrows of life

Be numbered with years that are past.

A BIRTHDAY.

(To B. F. R.)

There are days we love to honor
As the birthdays of the great,
Who by their deeds of valor
Have nobly served the state.
'Tis well to thus remember
With kindly, grateful thought
Those who gave so many blessings
With which our lives are fraught.

But there are those we love to honor
Who are all unknown to fame.
Who boast no deeds heroic
Or titles to their name
The man we come to honor
We call by titles dear,
Of husband, father, neighbor, friend,
He owns these titles clear.

Titles of trust and honor
Which he hath well discharged
By love and kindness, toil and care,
These titles he's enlarged.
Nor need he seek a greater
To earn our faithful love,
Or the "Well Done" of the Father
In the better home above.

So wife and children, neighbors, friends
We all would here unite
To honor well this birthday.
For this is good and right.
And many happy birthdays
May our dear friend live to see
Well loved and honored, e'en as now
He's very sure to be.

A TRIBUTE.

(To Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Sabin.)

A beautiful book lies before me,
Its covers embossed with pure gold;
And the strange true story within it,
By a world famous author is told.
The fair white page is illumined
With the joys, and hopes of youth,
And the title is clearly written
In large golden letters of truth.

The story begins at the altar,
It does not follow the plan
Of ending up with a wedding;
For there is just where it began.
It's full from cover to cover,
With the richest and spiciest store,
Wit, humor and pathos, adventures,
Heroines, and heroes galore.

What! tell you the story? 'Twere folly
To attempt to obey your behest.
No pen could half do it justice.
The story that's lived is the best.
A real life story continued,
Through fifty full years! How it fires
Our souls with such sense of its grandeur
As seldom our being inspires.

And the story's not done, 'twill continue
Ah, who can name the day when
The lovely home story that thrills us,
Shall cease to be felt among men?

To the honored and well beloved couple
To whose home we so gladly repair,
Our heart-felt thanks we would render,
For the sweetness and beauty we share.

Tis true, as the Good Book hath it,
That man may not live to himself,
So a true life's blessings are scattered,
Not hoarded like sordid pelf.
May the future years be golden,
To this long wedded, happy pair.
And we know in the mansions yonder,
There's a home prepared for them there.



BIRTHDAY GREETING.

(To E. P. S.)

Another birthday how they multiply!
How they on time's swift wings go whirling by
Shorter, and shorter, seems each flying space
Till years seem months, and months but briefest
days,

In youth's bright days how slow the clock of time.
Long ages passed between each birthday chime
Those slowly moving hands we fain would turn
And speed time on, Oh! we had much to learn.

We see it now, that time is none too long
To do our part amid life's busy throng.
And now the clock of time has struck once more,
With hearty cheer we greet thee o'er and o'er,
With long and happy years may thou be blest
E'er times last stroke shall call thee to thy rest,
Full well we know it would be hard to find
A warmer heart and one more truly kind.

SILVER WEDDING.

(To Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Warner.)

Twenty-five years of married life,
Twenty-five years a husband and wife,
Twenty-five years of hopes and fears,
Twenty-five years of smiles and tears,
Twenty-five years of growing together,
Twenty-five years of all sorts of weather,
Twenty-five years—and life and health,
Children and friends—ah, me, what wealth.
Crowned by jewels of greater worth
Than gems that are hid in caves of the earth,
A beautiful home where Christ is adored,
Beautiful children around your board,
Friends who love you and know your worth,
Ready to share your tears or your mirth;
Blest in all these, and rarely blest,
In your choice of the one you love the best;
Tender and faithful, true and tried,
Fond hearts beating with love and pride
Deeper and truer for all the tears
And smiles you have shared for twenty-five years.
God bless the husband, God bless the wife
With a long, a useful, a happy life,
And if it should be your happy fate
Your golden wedding to celebrate,
May you be surrounded with girls and boys
Your children's children, your added joys,
May we be there to see the sight
Twenty-five years from this very night.

TO GRANDMA WARNER.

(On her 85th birthday)

Dear Grandma, true and loving friend,
We're glad that you were born,
We're glad of every year that's passed
Since first you saw the morn,
We're glad that in our quiet town
You've lived your useful life
Faithful as neighbor and as friend
As mother and as wife.

With loving heart, and busy hand,
You've reigned the queen of home,
And now adown the hills of life
Your footsteps gently come.
Gathered around you here today
Behold your loving friends!
And those who cannot be with you
Congratulations send.

Your cheerful face is like the sun
That shines with softer glow,
When dropping down the western sky,
The lengthening shadows grow.
And here's a thought, dear grandma,
That's beautiful to me
The sun is always shining
Although we may not see.

So when your sunset comes to us
And tears fall like the dew,
Altho' there may be shadows here,
'Twill sunrise be to you!
Accept our dearest, fondest love,
And may each passing year
Be filled with love and joy and peace
As Heaven draweth near.

BRIDAL GREETING.

(To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. S.)

We're glad to greet this bridal pair
With warm congratulation,
And wish them joy with hearts sincere,
Devoid of Adulation.

And yet we might express surprise
In spite of our sincerity,
That common prudence should allow
An act of such temerity.

Did we not know 'twas always so
Since Adam was a verity,
And Eve in bridal fig leaves clothed
Charmed him with great celerity.

E'er since the little winged god
Is found in each vicinity;
And lovely woman seems to man
A very rare divinity.

For when his arrow penetrates
The heart of frail humanity,
The case is hopeless, were it rare
It might be thought insanity.

As we have hinted, love is brave
And dares with small timidity
To face the matrimonial state
He's sought with such avidity.

Now since the pair have been thus brave,
Perhaps 'tis not mendacity
For one to give advice who thinks
She has the right capacity.

Then to the bride: don't let small things
Disturb your equanimity,
Don't let a wrinkle, or a frown,
Be seen in your vicinity.

Just hold him firm, but kind you know.
There's folly in ferocity,
But when there's anything to say
Just show him your velocity.

Just one word more (you'll pardon one
Whose had some slight experience)
Whate'er you want just get it now,
There's nothing gained by dalliance.

Now to the groom who here begins
A life of domesticity
There is a rule which will ensure
Connubial felicity.

A lover now and always be,
Depend on my veracity,
For those who try it never fail
To prove its great capacity.



DEDICATION POEM.

(Windsor High School, 1894.)

In olden countries far across the sea,
Where travelers love to wander, here and there,
In search of all things grand and beautiful,
Of valued treasures, ancient, rich and rare,
The eager searcher finds a rich reward
In sculptured marble, lofty dome and spire,
In pyramids, how ancient none may know,
And mossgrown ruins to his heart's desire.

Happy the lord, or noble whose domain
A moss-grown ivy-covered pile can boast
Thrice happy if the aged time-worn pile
Is haunted by that mystic thing, a ghost.
While older countries boast, and with some cause,
Their ancient things, and treasures not a few,
We of the New-World well may point with pride,
To our vast progress, and things that are new.

We've learned that this world moves, and here's
the proof
In this fair structure, 'neath whose roof we
stand,
Whose unmarred beauty shines with prophesy
Of a long future, glorious and grand.
Here in its virgin purity it stands
Like a fair bride made ready for her spouse,
Here are assembled fathers of the land,
To give away the bride and seal the vows.

Thus firmly wedded to the Public Good,
Her high career already well begun,
We welcome her: A stepping stone of youth
To all that's fair and good beneath the sun.
Here seeds of knowledge sown in fertile minds,
And watered by a faithful teacher's care,
Shall thrive and grow, until abundant fruit
Shall freely scatter blessings everywhere.

No well-armed ironclad that rides the sea
Ensures the nation's safety half as well
As fort like this, well armed with precious youth,
Knowledge for guns, and facts for shot and
shell.
These long-range guns, well loaded, aimed with care,
Of ignorance and vice the deadly foe,
Shall quell the base invader who shall dare
To strike our country's flag a single blow.



TO THE NEWLY INCORPORATED
VILLAGE OF DE FOREST.

To the new-born infant, greeting;
 Infant, lusty, strong and fair.
Kicks and cries with charming vigor—
 Goodly signs of promise there!

Has its infant cry a meaning,
 As it smites upon the ear?
Crying for the best of nurture?
 Let it cry, and never fear.

Crying will the lungs develop,
 Let it cry and thus grow strong;
Cry for wisdom, honor, virtue,
 Ever cry against the wrong.

And it kicks! Its limbs are sturdy
 And can plant a vigorous blow.
May its aim be well-directed,
 Kicking all that's mean and low.

May the village of De Forest
 Grow apace in all that's good,
Grow in numbers, wealth, and virtue,
 As a prosperous village should.

May it grow, and e'er be loyal
 To itself, and country too.
Grow, and lo,—a mighty city
 Fair and honored, we shall view.

W. H. S. CLASS SONG.

1896

--

(Tune—Sweet Afton.)

We've laid the foundation: this you may say,
Who thro' patient labor, stand victors to-day,
'Twas little by little each fragment was laid
Till strong, firm, and sure, the foundation was made.
'Twas only by striving thro' long weary days
You made this beginning so worthy of praise.
And now that the promise of youth be fulfilled,
Upon this foundation, arise up and build.

Take honor and strength for thy permanent walls.
Give peace and industry a place in thy halls.
Make knowledge thy windows, and truth be thy
doors.

Let wisdom shine forth from thy gables and towers.
Then add to this temple the warmth of thy love
With thy faith, like a spire, pointing ever above.
'Tis thus that with beauty thy life shall be filled.
You've laid the foundation, arise up and build.

W. H. S. CLASS SONG.

1897

(Tune—Auld Lang Syne.)

Wisdom hath strength, this gracious truth.
Should every youth inspire;
With noble courage and a zeal,
That doth not quickly tire.
The path of knowledge is the way,
By which we fain would rise
To wisdom's heights, where noblest strength
And highest honor lies.

The pathway is both rough and steep,
By which we've tried to climb;
But when at last the heights are reached,
The outlook is sublime.

Then onward, upward be our course,
Until we've reached at length
A height where we shall feel and know,
True wisdom's noblest strength.

Wisdom hath strength, O, may we seek
This elevating power.
And wielding it for righteousness:
,Twill prove a princely dower.

The path of knowledge is the way
By which we fain would rise,
To wisdom's heights where noblest strength
And highest honor lies.

TO THE CLASS OF 1901, WINDSOR
HIGH SCHOOL.

Methinks I see a goodly group
Of comely youths and maidens fair,
Each clasping in a trembling hand
A roll of parchment, tied with care,
Triumph is written on each brow—
The dreaded, longed-for time is past!
This gladsome thought within each heart:
"This hard-won prize is mine at last."
Yes, dear young friends, the prize is yours
And future prizes you await,
For earnest strife and honest toil
No prize on earth can be too great.
If that fair token that you hold
Of brave achievements hardly won,
Shall greater victories inspire
'Twere worth the cost for that alone.
Go on, dear youth and win each prize
In this round world of worth to you,
Count not the labor; keep your eyes
Fixed on the end you have in view,
Strive for the truth and win the right
The prize of prizes shall be yours,
A glorious crown of righteousness,
A prize which evermore endures.

SUN PRAIRIE H. S. CLASS SONG 1892.

— —
(Tune—Old Oaken Bucket.)

How dear are the scenes where our young thoughts
have budded,
The hill that we mounted where knowledge was rife:
How dear are the halls where the lessons we studied
Were victories gained in the battle of life.
The boards thickly covered with signs cabalistic,
Displaying our proudest achievements so well;
The desk where our teachers expounded the mystic,
Dear scenes of our school days, we bid you farewell.

CHORUS:—

Our dear happy school days, our vanishing school
days,
Our dearly loved school days, we bid you farewell.
With mingled emotions of sorrow and gladness,
We stand 'twixt the past and the future to-night:
We turn from our dear happy school days with sadness,
Though hope paints the future in colors of light.
Our painstaking teachers, who faithfully drilled us,
And bore with our failures and dullness so well;
Who cheered on our efforts till hopefulness thrilled
us,
We bid you, dear teachers, a grateful farewell.

CHORUS:—

Our painstaking teachers, our true-hearted teachers
Our dear faithful teachers, we bid you farewell.

We now bid farewell to our dear Alma Mater,
To school books and teachers and schoolmates
adieu;
We'll cherish the hope that you'll hear from us
later,
When we in life's battle have proved strong and
true.
We trust not in vain are the years we've been spend-
ing,
We mean that our future their value shall tell;
A life good and pure with a purpose unbending,
Shall speak for the school days we now bid fare-
well.

CHORUS:—

Our dear happy school days, our vanishing school
days,
Our dearly loved school days, we bid you farewell.



SUN PRAIRIE CLASS SONG 1894.

We stand where brook and river meet,
With courage high we view
The widening current of our lives
And bid the past adieu.
The happy, happy past we know
No longer can be ours;
The larger life that's just beyond
Must try our latent powers.

CHORUS.

But oh, whate'er of good or ill,
Our lives may to us bring,
Around the schoolhouse on the hill,
Shall fond affection cling.
The widening brook flows swiftly on
The river to embrace;
E'en so our school days swiftly glide,
Leaving behind their trace.
Much of the beauty and the truth
Our larger lives may fill,
Depends on well spent hours within
The schoolhouse on the hill.

CHORUS.

And now the brook and river meet,
The brook is seen no more,
But still it's waters swell the tide
That's throbbing on the shore.
And though we now must say farewell
And tears our eyes may fill,
Our richer, fuller lives shall praise
The schoolhouse on the hill.

CHORUS.

ON THE DEATH OF G. H. REUSS.

—

(To his sorrowing wife.)

Gone! Gone! It cannot be he's gone,
Who in the flush, of vigor seemed
So full of life, untiring, strong,
That he could die, we never dreamed.

Like the tall oak whose leafy boughs
Their strong and sheltering arms spread out
Was he in all his manly strength
With his protecting arms about
The dear ones that he loved so well,
He fain would shelter from the touch,
The slightest touch of want or pain:
For them he thought and planned so much.

As lies the lightening-shattered oak
So lies he strangely cold and still,
While pain and grief fills every heart,
His vacant place, ah, who can fill?
He will be missed—his cheery smile
Was like the sun's most genial ray,
Straightforward as a child was he,
As open hearted as the day.

He won warm friends on every side
By his warm hearted friendliness,
His heart no malice seemed to hold,
Ah, what a neighbor we shall miss.
But thou, dear broken-hearted one,
Whose grief is e'en too deep for tears,
Stunned by a loss too great for words;
How empty life to thee appears.

But let this comfort thee, dear friend,
Thy wedded years were bright, though few
A home where harmony and love
Made life a song the whole year through,
The beauteous babe he cherished so
Still claims thy loving thought and care:
'Tis thine the seed of truth to sow
In her young heart to ripen there.

The ties so rudely broken here
Shall draw thee to a world more fair,
And what a home in heaven for thee,
And what a welcome waits thee there.



GONE BEFORE.

(Consolation.)

Love is not mortal like this mortal frame,
A flower that blooms to die; but 'tis a flame
Kindled within each tender human soul,
No grave can hold it, nor can death control,
Kindled on earth it glows with life immortal
When it has passed through heaven's open portal.
Heaven holds our treasures, makes our love a bond
That draws us upward to the world beyond.

Our loved ones love us still, and when the news
On wires celestial such as angels use—
Shall fly through Heaven that we are passing o'er.
They'll haste to meet us on that heavenly shore!
With raptured greeting ushered into bliss:
Angels behold with joy a scene like this.
Each soul that passes through that golden portal
Adds to the untold heights of bliss immortal!

TO BABY'S MOTHER.

(Written on the death of Ethel Ernestine Ingalls,
Jan. 10, 1901.)

The infant thou hast loved and lost
Is still thine own in heaven;
The mother of an angel pure,
This gift to thee is given.

She was so lovely, pure and sweet,
Ah! It was hard to part;
Each infant smile and winning way
Endeared her to thy heart.

In memory's most sacred shrine,
Thy faithful mother love
Shall cherish deep and tenderly
Thy little one above.

She is not lost. In heavenly bliss
Her little angel hand
Shall beckon till thou, too, at last,
On heavenly shores shall stand.

The link is still unbroken,
That bound thy babe to thee;
Though earth holds not thy treasure,
Above she's waiting thee.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. B. F. R.

March 31st 1891.

She sleeps and o'er her pallid brow
The peace of Heaven is resting now,
But for our loss we fain would weep,
Her slumber is so long so deep.
Closed are the lips we oft have heard
Speak many a loving tender word,
So quiet now those busy hands,
So quick to answer love's demands.

Veiled by those white lids close caress
Those eyes whose depths of tenderness
Shone with a radiance so fair
We loved to see it mirrored there.
Closed is this brief but useful life,
A faithful sister, mother, wife.
Shrinking from neither toil nor care,
If thus her loved ones she might spare.

A faithful friend, e'en children knew,
And loved, and prized, her friendship too,
Well might the little orphan bring
Her one sweet flower, love's offering,
Altho' her absence we deplore,
Heaven holds for us one treasure more.
'Twas but a step—a little space,
And earth and Heaven for her changed place.

Swift o'er her spirit steals a calm,
And heavenly breezes lend their balm,
Celestial waves of music rise,
Bearing her upward to the skies;
Thrilled with the rapture of the song,
Her voice the joyous notes prolong.
What heavenly visions who can tell?
She sees her Lord and all is well.

TO A MOTHER.

Ah, the mother's heart is aching
For the babe that lies so still,
In the sleep that knows no waking
In a world of pain and ill.

Sweet he sleeps, no more to languish
'Mid long dreary hours of pain
Hushed the heart that throbbed with anguish
It shall never know again.

How the empty arms are longing
Close to clasp the babe again,
How the tender memories thronging
Cause the tears to fall like rain.

Each dear infant charm grows dearer,
Each sweet smile and loving look,
To the vision growing clearer
Written down in Memory's book.

But—how sweet the babe is sleeping,
Calm and restful, free from pain:
Done, so soon, with all earth's weeping,
Never knowing sins dark stain.

Murmur not, the tie that bound thee
By the tenderest mother love
Throws a stronger cord around thee,
Drawing thee to realms above.

There thy babe awaits thy coming
To that life of peace and joy,
Ah, the rapture of that meeting
With thy darling baby boy.

TO MRS. BUTLER.

--

(On the death of her babe.)

A little life fraught with love's joy and pain,
Made glad thy heart, then made thee sad again,
Its mortal robe, so tiny, frail, and fair,
Enshrined the soul but could not hold it there.

And so the summons came, He willed it so
And in that healthy clime, the babe will grow,
In wisdom, stature, every heavenly grace
The beauteous babe will surely grow apace.

Heaven is a busy place, me thinks that each
Must some sweet errand do, some lesson teach,
Some message bear on wings of peace and love
To earth-worn hearts from realms of bliss above.

How sweet the thought that souls akin to ours
Are happy thus with new and higher powers,
If to our hearts they whisper words of cheer
How sweet the message to our willing ear!

}

BRIDAL GREETING.

(To Mr. and Mrs. M. L.)

A greeting to a happy bridal pair
Is often wasted on the empty air,
This mundane sphere is far beneath their ken
They stray in paradise beyond the haunts of men,
In Eden's bowers they wander, happy pair!
There is just room for two to enter there.
This noisy, busy world with all its cares
Has slipped away from them quite unawares,
This being true we'll not blame you, my dears,
If these words too fall on unwilling ears.

'Tis meet that one whose hair is growing white
Should greet this young and happy pair tonight
Whose youth long past is looking well toward age
Life's story told like a well written page.
Who is there that could better feel and know
How youth's bright buoyant hopes doth ebb and flow
How radiant castles gild the sunny skies
And faultless angels look from mortal eyes?
Knows too the stern realities of life
That come full soon to every man and wife.
And knowing still can say, God bless you and believe
Your highest, fondest hopes you never will outlive.

For beauteous virtue joined to stalwart truth
Dreams not in vain the bright fond dreams of youth,
Trusting in God you'll keep the vows you've made,
Strong in your mutual trust and undismayed.
Not all the storms of life can rudely shock
The house that's built upon the solid rock.
May Heavenly blessings in your home abound
And earthly joys be scattered thickly round,
May you live long and happy years together,
With little storm and much of sunny weather,
May brighter worlds be yours, but first of this
We wish you double share of wedded bliss.



TO MRS. E. Mc—

(Who had recently met with a serious accident.)

On this your birthday, pray accept
Kind wishes most sincere,
And happy birthdays may you find
With every passing year.
You've had your share of life's mishaps,
Your share of sunshine too,
And know that clouds but hide the sun—
'Tis shining still for you.

CYRIL'S BIRTHDAY.

Why should we celebrate with joy
The birthday of this little boy?
He's only three, what does he know
But just to eat and live and grow?
Of books or science, nothing yet,
Of worldly wisdom not a bit.
Of greatness, wealth or worldly fame
He knows of these not e'en the name.

And yet this little man may be
Some day a great celebrity.
May be a statesman wielding power.
Or world-wide knowledge be his dower;
May be so great, so good, so wise
We will be proud to recognize
In him the self-same little boy
Whose birth we celebrate with joy.

Howe'er it be we're glad he's here
To brighten the life of the pioneer,
With his quaint speech and fearless way
And merry laughter all the day,
E'en though sometimes there be a squall,
That makes things lively for us all.
Then let us celebrate with joy
The birthday of our little boy.

TO MRS. OLYETTE ELLIS.

(On the presentation of a chair.)

Dear gifted friend: Some grateful hearts,
Who in their sorrow's keenest hour,
Were calmed, and soothed and comforted
By thy sweet muse's magic power;
Have thought of thee this Christmas-tide
And to thee this remembrance send,
'Twill tell thee how their hearts were touched
By such a sympathizing friend.

How blest the pen, and blest the hand,
That holds such magic power to bless,
Thrice blessed is the heart that holds
Such depths of Christ-like tenderness.
Accept this gift and may you find
In it long hours of sweet repose,
And hovering o'er it, may your Muse
To you her sweetest thought disclose;

That from this chair the world may hear
Such gracious words of truth and love
'Twill smooth their rugged pathway here
And lead them to the Heaven above,
Be thine the power to soothe the sad,
To cheer the weary and forlorn,
Be thine a starry crown when thou
Shalt waken to a Heavenly morn.

Patriotic, Temperance, And Other Poems.

THE BLIND SOLDIER.

With head erect and cheerful smile
We see him on the street,
You'd scarcely think that he was blind
If you with him should meet,
He'd give a cheery "How d'ye do"
If you should speak to him,
But you would hear no piteous tale
Of hardships sore and grim.

The long white beard that's flowing down
Gives him an added grace
And lends a dignity and charm
To his sweet kindly face,
With listening ears, and tapping cane
He finds his way along,
He scarcely needs a helping hand
Amid the hurried throng.

He knows the lay of every street,
And he could find the way
To many a kindly neighbor's door
Be it by night or day.
He'd talk to you of current news
With evident delight;
His faithful wife is eyes to him,
And makes his darkness, light.

Let us honor this brave old veteran,
Who at his country's call
Willingly placed his life between
Our flag and the enemy's ball.
Though life was spared, its light was gone,
And his long, long years of night
So bravely endured shows the hero
In a strong yet tender light.

There is many, a brave old soldier
Crippled, and deaf and blind,
Living beneath earth's shadows
Though friends may be true and kind;
They are waiting, only waiting,
For the great Commander of all
To send their honorable discharge,
And gladly they'll answer the call.

Then let us honor these veterans,
Whose numbers are less each year
And soon the last revered white head
From our sight will disappear.
Let us teach our youth it is noble
To honor the flag, and so
Its folds they should never tarnish
By an act that is mean and low.

WELCOME.

(To the veterans of the 36th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, at the residence of their colonel, C. E. Warner, July 8th, 1891, by Mrs. M. J. Sherman.)

Welcome, veterans, brave and true,
To this a veteran's home,
You've stormed the fort and we surrender
With cordial greeting warm and tender,
For was not each a home defender?
Then, welcome, all who come.

Welcome to all the thirty-sixth,
Who live to meet once more,
Who marched through rain and mud and heat
With aching limbs and blistering feet,
Yet hastened on the foe to meet
Nor shrank from perils sore.

We view with pain your thinning ranks,
We note your altered mien.
The boys in blue, stalwart and young,
Whose clarion tones the echoes rung
Whene'er their flag victorious swung
Will never more be seen.

Time steals a march upon us all
And here today we view
Some brows adorned with locks of white,
Eyes that have lost their youthful light
And deepening lines which times swift flight
Has surely brought to you.

Time did I say? Ah! 'twas not time
Caused all the changes that we see:
'Twas caused where Southern bullets fell,

Where screamed and whistled shot and shell,
And this fair earth was like a hell
And blood flowed ceaselessly.

'Twas caused by wounds, by marches long,
By slow starvation's pain?

What wonder changes come to you?
What wonder that the boys in blue
Each year grow feebler and more few
Who live to meet again?

God bless the boys! for boys you are,
In spite of time and change,
The peace you conquered, may it grow,
And truth her steadfast light bestow,
Till brother's blood shall cease to flow
O'er all the wide world's range.

Through all the coming years of time
May peace your lives enlarge
Though in life's battles you must fight,
May all your victories tell for right,
And each receive at sunset light
An honorable discharge.

Once more we bid you welcome here,
A re-united band
Of veterans who stood side by side
In peril's hour. Why should you hide
The warmth that in your hearts abide
When comrades grasp your hand.

Then let your voices now be heard,
Live o'er the past to-day;
Fire stories at us round on round,
We'll bravely try to stand our ground;
Such ammunition leaves no wound,
So boys, just fire away!

WRITTEN FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE
OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1901.

Aye, mourn the Nation's dead,
Our hero lying low;
Our mighty Nation's honored head
Is taken from us now!
Slain by assassin's hand,
A very coward's deed!
No wonder that we execrate
The slayer and his creed!

Mourn for the Nation's dead,
Our hero now asleep,
With fragrant flowers around his bed
His slumber long and deep;
Mourn for the Nation's loss,
Mourn for the friends who weep,
But shed no tears for him who lies
In this long peaceful sleep.

For him the night is past,
For him the light has come,
He's "Nearer to his God" at last.
He sleeps—but wakes at home!
For him all cares are o'er,
Cares of a crushing weight,
As few have borne such cares, he bore,
The heavy load of state.

Ours is the loss and grief,
Ours the shame and pain,
That thrice in this, our fair, free land
Our Nation's head is slain!
This lesson are we taught,
Who love our native land,
True freedom and wild lawlessness
Can ne'er walk hand in hand.

Aye, mourn the Nation's dead,
The hero loved and lost,
The blow that struck our honored head
Struck an unnumbered host,
And now around his bed
True hearted patriots stand
And God and their right arm shall guard
Our own dear Native Land.



TO WASHINGTON,

O, Washington, thou character sublime,
Our precious heritage until the end of time,
Thy love of truth, thy sense of justice stern,
The patriot fires that in thy soul did burn,
Thy manly courage in the hour of need.
Thy lofty scorn of perfidy and greed,
Thy love and tenderness so deep and true,
The depths of pity that thy kind heart knew.
Thy cultured mind so generous and broad—
All these combined with reverence to thy God,
Made up a manhood of majestic strength,
And crowned thee with the victor's crown at length
Our Washington! We point with pride to thee
Who led our fathers forth to victory,
Stanch men and true, who though they loved not
 strife
Loved freedom and their honor more than life,
To thee and them, our gratitude we owe
That freemen's blessings we have learned to know.

Alas, alas, that there should come to pass
Perils that seem to make of freedom but a farce!
O, Washington, if thou couldst see today
The maze of dangers that beset our way,
Couldst thou but see the men the world calls great
In courts of justice and in halls of state,
Who use their power of office not as sacred trust,
But flinging e'en their honor in the dust
Put greed of gain before their country's weal,
Forswear their vows and to base Mammon kneel,

Couldst thou but see thy country thus betrayed
For which such costly sacrifice was made,
Could tears of sorrow e'er in Heav'n be shed,
Or blush of shame o'er angel faces spread—
Then tears of anguish would flow swiftly down
A shame flushed face beneath thy golden crown!

When freemen's weal and selfish interests clash
Ah, who is there that will avert the crash?
The powers that scoff at freemen and who make
Their will a cipher, and their vote a fake,
Must they not learn that dollars can't control
The love of freedom in the human soul?
We need strong men who will arise in might
That men may KEEP what is their sacred right,
O, for more men like Washington today!
Strong men, who will dispute oppression's sway
Just men of honor who will stand for right
Though they may gain no dollars in the fight!
Such men would soon force craft and greed to own
That freemen hold the power behind the throne.



TO FRANCES WILLARD.

She hath done what she could,
Her whole beautiful life
She gave to mankind
In the noblest strife,
There were long, weary years
She called not her own;
Throughout the wide world
Her labors are known.

She hath done what she could—
Ah, who could do more
Than she, the dear Great-heart
Whose labors are o'er?
Her hands, heart, and brain,
Unwearied she gave;
In the cause of the right
She was strong, true and brave.

She hath done what she could,
Must her labor be lost,
With the love that she gave
And the life that it cost?
Ah no! she still lives
In hearts full of love
Her cause is God's cause
And he reigns above.

WEEDS.

(Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Gal. 6: 7.)
(Read at the Third District Convention W. C. T. U. of Wis., May
23, 1890.)

Shall I tell a tale of the Land of Man?

There was never a land more fair;
The wheat nodded gracefully in the breeze,
'Mid the song of birds and the hum of bees,
And the flowers shed fragrance rare,
And the ripening grain 'neath the sun's warm kiss,
Promised peace, and plenty and happiness.

For they sowed good seed in the Land of Man,

In that rich and fertile soil,
And they worked with a will the long day through,
And mother earth gave them (as mothers do,)
A rich reward for their toil,
And love and duty to God and neighbor,
Brought blessings from heaven to sweeten their
labor.

But as seasons rolled on, a poisonous weed

Began to appear all around.
And it grew so rank it choked the wheat,
'Till many suffered for food to eat,
And a remedy must be found.
So they talked and planned but they couldn't agree,
For each had a way of his own, you see.

Some radical ones, (and you know my friends
 There always will be a few),
Thought to wholly destroy the pestilent thing
With all the evils it threatened to bring
 Was the very best way to do.
Every weed of the kind that was left alive,
Would produce many more to grow and thrive.

Others said, a weed so determined to grow
 'Twas useless to try to destroy,
Just wait and see what they could do,
That the evil was great was very true,
 But they'd means of restriction employ,
If they gave to this weed a legitimate show,
'Twouldn't have to steal into their wheat fields you
 know.

So they authorized men to sow the seed
 In certain by-places they named.
And then if weeds WOULD grow with the wheat,
Spoiling the food the children would eat,
 They certainly couldn't be blamed.
And so, with an air of wisdom profound,
These august statesmen held their ground.

But strange to say, the trouble increased,
 In spite of their wise restriction,
And the cries of want, and the tears of woe
Which this evil caused so freely to flow.
 Produced not a little friction.
So they passed a law they called local option,
And some found relief by its adoption.

It worked this way, each cared for his own,
 Some farmers killing the weed,
While some preferred the good old way,

Trying this monster evil to stay
By diligently sowing the seed!
These raised a full crop with plenty to spare
For the farmer who killed his weed with care.
And faster and farther the evil spread
'Till hearts were filled with despair!
And hope grew faint, and sin grew bold,
And want unmeasured and woe untold,
Was reaped with the harvest there!
But 'mid all this darkness a light appears
As the people awake from the stupor of years.
So a brighter day dawns, for the people are roused,
No more can they close their eyes
To an evil that reaches on and on,
'Till, the strength of its wretched victims gone,
All limits it boldly defies.
They see the folly of sowing a weed,
Where there's only room for the best of seed!
They have learned in order to be quite safe,
And reap the fruit of their labor,
They must not only protect with care
Their land from weeds that would grow there
But must do the same for their neighbor;
In short they have come more and more to agree
With the ground the radicals held you see.
The mischief done is exceedingly great.
The weed has been growing so long,
But their hearts are aflame with a holy zeal,
And they'll work for their own and their neighbor's
weal
With a faith that is firm and strong.
Beneath this banner they take their stand,
For God and Home and Native Land!

Now the Land of Man is not far away,
Would you see it? 'Tis just at your hand,
Men (but such manhood is only a name.)
Men are sowing the seeds of sin and shame
Upheld by the laws of the land!
Shall this nation submit to the Rum King's rule?
Consent to be naught but this monster's tool?

No, never, while God lives and true hearts beat!
Manhood, womanhood, strong, united,
Shall cause this Dagon to fall on his face,
And shall root from our land this foul disgrace.

By God and true hearts shall this wrong be
righted,
So, if a lone weed you should spy by and by,
Like the "last rose of summer," 'tis blooming to die.



LICENSE—YES, OR NO?

Good people rally one and all
 Don't let your thoughts go floatin'
But think what you are goin' to do
 About this License votin' votin'.
You men throughout the city, now,
 Must speak right out in meetin',
We wonder if a "License Yes,"
 Our ears will soon be greetin'
 Or "License No."

Now all you men who love to drink
 And want a place to drink in,
All fitted up with easy-chairs
 For failin' limbs to sink in;
Who do not mind the language rude
 And oaths your wives would shrink from,
So long as there's enough to drink
 And fine cut glass to drink from,
 Vote License Yes.

And you my friends who want to make,
 A little honest (?) money,
By temptin' weak and foolish boys
 With songs and stories funny;
Who would grow rich on hard-earned cash
 Exchanged for liquid ruin
Though briny drops from woman's eyes
 Should mix with your own brewin'
 Vote License Yes.

And you who want the "revenue"
To fill the city's coffers,
Who'd tempt the weak to save your purse,
Just take this chance that offers!
What matter though some wretch be shot
'Mongst those who grind your axes?
Should bills in consequence' mount up,
The county pays the taxes!

Vote License Yes.

And you who've fine young boys to spare,
(Your neighbor's boys might do sir,)
To keep the "trade" in good repair,
I say the same to you sir;
Just bring the dear young lads along,
You're doubtless glad to aid, sir,
The jails, asylums, prisons, all
Must be supplied by "trade" sir,

Vote License Yes.

But you who caring less for pelf,
Prefer a safe, clean city,
Who'd scorn to gain by weak men's vice,
But fain would shield and pity;
Who have no precious boy to spare,
Nor yet a pure, sweet daughter
To swell the list of broken hearts
Caused by this legal slaughter.

Vote License No!



SALT.

A beautiful country this land of ours,
Not a fairer clime can be found;
And we would not exchange the land of our birth
For any the wide world round;
But what means this mighty tide of wrong
Rushing onward with scarcely a halt!
I've thought as I pondered it well and long
That the one thing needful is SALT.

The salt of the earth is the righteous soul
Whose cause is the cause of the just,
Who stands for the right though he stands alone,
And who never betrays his trust;
Thank God there are some souls tried and true,
Whose lives we may thus exalt,
But alas for our land, that there are so few
Who are thoroughly seasoned with SALT.

If the salt of justice, honor and truth
Should season the hearts of men,
The standard of right would be raised so high
It never would grovel again!
'Tis useless to weakly sit and weep,
Remember where lies the fault,
We cannot expect a nation will keep
Unless it is seasoned with SALT.

We look to you in this hour of need
Dear youth of our loved home land,
Soon the sacred trust of a nation's weal
Will be placed in your waiting hand:
To this holy trust be ever true,
'Gainst the power of evil revolt;
Be sure, you season our national stew,
With the very best kind of SALT.

Have salt in yourselves the Master has said,
And His meaning was deep and wide,
You cannot expect to be sweet all through
From a little salt outside;
But let it permeate through and through
To the very depths of your heart
And the salt of truth and justice too
You'll be ready to impart.

There is one thing however, that salt cannot do,
And to try it never will pay;
You cannot make pure a thing bad in itself,
Though you salt it a year and a day:
You cannot make clean, corn, barley or rye,
When once 'tis allowed to decay
Be the license low or the license high
You are throwing your salt away.

Whenever you meet with a thing that is wrong,
Don't try to salt it down,
But cleanse it out by the help of God
Though the world look on and frown.
Have salt in yourselves, your colors display
In the progress of right never halt,
And we'll hope to see at no distant day
Our nation preserved with salt.

DO SOMETHING.

The harvest is great and the laborers few,
We should do with our might what our hands find
to do.

The field is so wide there is work for each one,
From the dawn of the day to the set of the sun.
Then up and be doing, be true and be brave.
Reach out helpful hands the helpless to save.

"I call not the righteous," our Lord doth declare,
But the weak and the erring were ever His care;
The tempted and sinful, the poor, blind, and lame,
He healed and he blessed; go thou, do the same,
His work should be ours; His steps be our guide,
His cause must prevail whatever betide.

There are souls that are dying for want of your care,
There are lives that are wrecked, there are hearts
in despair.

There are children that's crying, yes crying for
bread,

O, say not to these "Be ye warmed and be fed."
But do, oh, do something, to lessen the woe,
The want and the sorrow so many hearts know.

Yes work with your might and remember the cause,
(The open saloon upheld by our laws.)

That brings us this curse, yet do not despair,
But pray till all Heaven is moved by your prayer,
And work till that day, O may it be soon,
When there's not to be found one open saloon.

THE REAPER.

--

A reaper went forth to the harvest,
And her heart was heavy with fear,
For the sickle which she carried,
Had lain for many a year
In a little chamber closet,
With tools of various kinds,
Some bright with use, but others
Of usage bore no signs.

This sickle was dull and rusted,
And I heard the reaper say,
"I know I can cut but little,
And that in a blundering way."
But she sharpened her sickle bravely,
And worked till the set of sun,
And she found her blade was brighter
Than when she at first begun.

Keep your weapons bright, my sisters,
With constant and daily use;
That your blade is dull and rusty
Is never a good excuse.

Thrust in your sharpened sickle
And gather the grain that falls;
Let your flashing blade be wielded
Wherever the Master calls,
And when the harvest is ended
And the Lord of the harvest appears,
Well done, good and faithful servant,
Will be music to your ears.

LOYAL LEGION SONG.

(Tune—Marching through Georgia.)

We're a Loyal Temperance Legion five hundred
thousand strong,
Now don't you think we're big enough to help the
world along?
And join you in the battle against all licensed
wrong,
While we go marching to victory.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll bring the jubilee.
Hurrah! Hurrah! We're growing, don't you see?
No licensed wrong we'll tolerate when we shall
voters be.
And we go marching to victory.

We're growing older every day, and growing wiser
too,
We're learning to be citizens, both temperate and
true,
And honor well the dear old flag, with field of starry
blue,
While we go marching to victory.

CHORUS.

We've learned to hate the poison that takes away
man's sense,
And takes from him his money without a recom-
pense,
If we should drink it don't you think we should be
very dense?
But we'll go marching to victory.

CHORUS:

We'll make a mighty army when our Legion is
grown up;
We'll help to banish from our land the intoxicating
cup
And all the wrongs of graft and greed of which we
now must sup.

We will go marching to victory.

CHORUS.



VICTORY IS COMING—EQUAL SUFFRAGE
SONG.

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Yes, the glorious day is coming, there is victory in
sight,
And the eye grown dim with watching now with
hope is growing bright,
For the cause of justice triumphs in the battle for
the right,
Our cause is marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Our cause is marching on.

Oh, the way was long and weary, and our noble
pioneers
Prayed, and worked and wept till surely light is
breaking through their tears,
Human Rights are gaining prestige o'er the wrongs
of ancient years,
The world is marching on.

See the grand procession moving jubilant upon the
way,
Hearts are beating high with courage, faith and
hope are theirs to-day.
Soon the hour when all are equal and none says
another nay,
But all go marching on.

Onward, then O faithful woman, tread each path
of human need
Till we see each state and nation to the good of all
take heed.
Onward, for the world doth listen, and our triumph
God shall speed!
For God is marching on.



A MESSAGE.

To Former Co-workers.

Dear friends, and fellow workers, tried and true,
A message I would gladly bring to you
Warm with the memories of days ago,
When we in love and labor, all were one,
Are we not still united in a bond
That reaches heavenward to the great Beyond?
A bond, that time or distance cannot break,
A "Union" none would willingly forsake?

What helpful message can I bring to you?
You, who were ever of the "faithful few,"
To you whose labor, prayers and tears,
Have blessed our cause for lo-these many years,

To you whose hope and courage, love and faith,
Have proved as long as life, ay and as strong as
death,

What can I say that has not all been said
To cheer you in the toilsome path you tread?

Message of Faith to you I fain would bring,
Faith in the cause to which you fondly cling,
Faith in its righteousness, its mission high,
To bless the world its holy destiny;
Faith in yourselves, to will and still to do,
No seeming failure, be as such to you,
Faith in your work which ever shall endure
Faith in your God whose promises are sure.

Message of Hope I'd gladly bring to you,
Hope for the cause whose good you have in view,
Hope for our children, and our children's children
too

Hope for the weak and tempted born anew,
Hope for the future of the human race,
Hope for the world, redeemed by saving grace,
Yes, hope dear sisters, for these blessings all
Your cause is God's, no failure can befall.

Message of Love to you again I'd bring,
Of joy and hope the very fount and spring
Of faith the secret power, and bulwark strong,
Love that is ever kind and suffers long;
That love that makes all toilsome labor light,
Renews our courage, makes our hopes more bright,
Love to our neighbor, love to all our race
Our love to God will teach us by His grace.

RALLYING SONG.

(For Green Co. Wis. W. C. T. U.)

Tune: Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching.

In this grand white ribbon band, we are proud to
say to you,

Old Green County's face is ever to the foe
Now the victory is in sight, this is just the thing to
do:

All together strike a hard and telling blow.

CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Green County's march-
ing

Cheer up sisters we will come,

We will help you win the fight, in the name of
God and right,

We will drive the curse from every land and
home!

Give Green County cheer on cheer, we will hold
our banner high,

Pressing hard upon our craven trembling foe.

We will never sound retreat, we have but to nobly
try,

And a glorious victory is ours we know.

CHORUS:

A QUESTION OF LOGIC.

(To The Voters)

The logic of man is a curious thing,
Its depths one can scarcely sound,
From cause to effect as "straight as a string,"
They will argue round and round.
But what seems so smooth and simple and plain,
Should we try to follow it out,
Will elude the grasp of the average mind,
And leave one in darkness and doubt.

For instance. one of these logical men
Says: "Just let me start a saloon,
'Twill make business lively for all, you see,
And we'll all be rich very soon."
Now the logic of this seems simple enough
But I own it puzzles me sore,
For behind the question of dollars and cents,
There is more, ah, very much more!

You may get the business, but there is a doubt
Whether you gain or lose,
For the man who treats his stomach too well,
Hasn't always the cash for his shoes,
Right here is a fact that some overlook,
Or pass it carelessly by;
The more one spends for goods that are wet,
The less there is left for the dry:

But letting that pass, some questions arise
In regard to this traffic in drink,
Which have as much claim on your manhood today
As the almighty dollar, we think.
One question is this: Will our public schools,
Where the coming man is seen,
Be better, you think, for a place to drink
So near the schoolhouse green?
Will it strengthen our youth, our hope and our
pride
To foster this thing in our town?
Are you willing your boys should be customers there,
And enter the road that leads down,
Down from the path of the good and the true,
Away from a useful life;
Into the ranks of vice and sin,
Familiar with scenes of strife?
Are you willing, I ask, to spare your boys?
"Ah no"! I hear you groan,
I pray, in God's name, let your neighbor's boys
Be as sacred to you as your own!
I pray you, put souls above dollars and cents,
The rights of the weak don't despise,
Let our streets be as safe for the tempted soul,
As the homes we love and prize.
O, a business that grows by a trade in drink,
Is a business God can't bless,
For it thrives with the growth of crime and sin
And heart-break and wretchedness.—
The logic that would give to one the right
To ruin the youth of our land,
Is a logic, so cruel, so hard, so strange,
That I NEVER CAN UNDERSTAND.

THOUGHTS ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE LADIES'
MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

This is the time when mem'ries throng
Like chickens round our door,
Each crumb of recollection grasped
Then look about for more.
Each marked event, each old-time friend
Comes to our mind anew,
We smile—but tears are very near,
As we the past review.

Time flies we know, yet wonder when
We note the flight of years,
We greet each New Year as it comes
And lo, it disappears!
And now—'tis but the flight of time
We celebrate in song,
A quarter of a century!
Can it have been so long?

If labors have kept pace with time
Then we may well rejoice;
If loving zeal inspired our gifts
And to our prayers gave voice,
What has been done, what seed been sown,
Does faith and hope abide?
Have missions grown, has love increased,
Has God been glorified?

These questions well may give us thought,
And happy thrice are we,
If we can say with humble heart
 “To God the glory be,
For all the fruitage of these years,
 Each upward, onward stride,
We owe it all dear Lord to Thee,
 Our Helper and our Guide.”

“And where we’ve failed to do Thy will,
And left undone some deed,
Neglected souls we might have blessed,
 Forgive us Lord we plead.”
Thus would we pray, may future years
 More and more fruitful be,
’Till we shall hear the Lord’s “Well done,”
 In glad eternity.

What inspiration we have found,
What counsels sweet and wise,
 What blessings great we have received,
 How small our sacrifice,—
All this we see, and strength, and faith,
 And courage are renewed;
And we’ll go on to larger things
 With hearts of gratitude.



HOW TO HELP A MISSIONARY MEETING TO LIVE.

In the first place be sure you are always there,
With mind and soul strengthened by secret prayer,
Let no petty excuses keep you at home,
But cheerfully, regularly, prayerfully come.

And come in good season, for if you are late,
You may cause, perhaps a whole roomful to wait.
Then show by your promptness, your love and your
zeal,
And others your glad, willing spirit shall feel.

Again, don't forget your glasses to bring,
That you may see clearly to read or to sing
Come ready, when called on, to do your full part,
And thus you will gladden the president's heart.

When called on to pray, let your clear voice be
heard
As your soul holds communion with Savior and Lord
A brief, earnest prayer that shall reach the white
throne
And thrill with new life the heart of each one.

With feeling and earnestness read well your part
As though the words came from your warm, tender
heart,
Read distinctly and clearly, that each one may hear
And no one may lose words of comfort and cheer.

When a sister is reading, pray let me just mention,
That you should then listen with closest attention;
Don't fidget or whisper or let your mind wander,
But listen and learn and the lesson well ponder.

Be willing to do your full part of the work
And don't let your modesty make you a shirk.
If wanted for office don't h'ang back and say
"I never can do it. Excuse me, I pray."

In giving be liberal, thoughtful and wise,
And don't be afraid of some self sacrifice,
Give freely, and take our dear Lord at His word,
And rich and abundant shall be your reward.

Now, try these things, sisters, try them well, try
 them long,
And you, I am sure, will live and grow strong.
The fruitage of all you have done and may do.
Shall prove a rich blessing to others and you.



THE HIGH-LICENSED DOG.

A man had a dog that was vicious and vile,
He was ugly and black as could be,
He bit every soul that came in his way,
And his owner grew fat on the blood of his prey,
'Till the people were frightened, but what could
they say

The man kept the law don't you see?

He paid his dog-tax with so honest an air,
You'd think him a saint in disguise,
The people looked on and said "I declare,
The life of that dog we surely must spare,
We need all the taxes or else we'd despair."
(And here they all groaned, and looked wise.)

"We must pay up the doctor and funeral bills
They've been very heavy of late,
So many were bitten, so many have died,
We need all the taxes," these wiseacres cried;
"We'll make them still higher. We'll not be de-
nied;

The man's love for his dog is so great."

The owner consented with radiant smiles,
And the dog with permission given,
Went on with his work of destruction and woe,
And owner and dog the bolder did grow
'Till the streets with the blood of the victims did
flow,
While their wailing ascended to heaven.

Then the people opened their eyes at last,
 ‘‘We’ve made a mistake,’’ they cry;
‘‘We must kill that dog or our fate is sealed,
We’ll have that odious law repealed,
The taxes haven’t the matter healed,
 That blood-thirsty dog must die.’’

So they went to work with a right good will,
 (For the people’s word was law,)
And that dog soon slept his last long sleep
And they buried him then in a grave so deep.
That the thunder of ages might over him sweep,
 And he never would move a paw.



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